

THE DARK BLUE.

APRIL, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION II.

ISRAEL TORRIANO stood on the Neapolitan shore, looking into the darkling night, and catching eagerly at the sparkling flashes of spray, which the fitful gleams of the rising moon created on the heaving waves. The slightest manifestations of beauty in the natural world attracted him, and for it would he at any moment forget that other world which *man* has created on earth; a world in which he is momentarily, hourly, and daily wringing with the divine for human existence; even in its utilitarian aims is a constant fusion of earth and heaven; of love and hate; of selfishness and devotion; of despotism and equalisation! For all these moral struggles there existed little sympathy in Israel; they appeared to him paltry, egotistical, and frivolous; while he could embrace in thought the heavens, and wander among those starry existences there beyond; yearning to know the intentions of the Creator. Faugh! what had he to do with the creature? His own creature-necessities were abhorrent to him, and to be got rid of at the easiest. Could men and women not walk the earth in the spiritual guise of beings whose very longings reach into the infinite; for dream they not of a life beyond? Then why such gross preparation here for that life?

Israel had forgotten himself; those streaks of pale golden light were drawing him away from the earth.

‘Per bacco, Señor; non potete vedere?’ called some one to him, stumbling over Israel towards the shore. ‘Hoi, qui, qui—Jacopo, sei surdo?’

Israel gathered up his bodily self, and clutched at the intruder.

‘Eh, eh, che volete? Amico mio, lasciate mi, presto, presto.’

Israel was in the first actual encounter in his life; human pugnacity would have its way. He shook the other, a tall big man, and sent him sprawling a couple of yards off.

The very moment Israel regained however his serenity, he walked towards his unknown foe, and helped him to rise.

The man said not a word, but hurried to the sea, where a small coasting vessel lay alongside. Three other men jumped from it; something was handed to Israel’s antagonist, who rushed off back inland with it.

Israel went up to the three; they looked daring and odd; not quite like the Neapolitans he had seen, but of duskier colour, as far as he could observe in the struggling moonlight.

‘Where do you go to? Do you stop here?’ he asked in his odd Italian.

‘Oh! no, get away as quick as possible; all along by Sardinia and the Balearics; we go to Spain.’

‘Will you take me with you?’

‘Where’s the pello?’ meaning the money.

‘Here—is this enough?’ He reached them four gold pieces.

Their eyes sparkled, not because it was enough, but because where it came from their might be more.

‘Bene! bene! Señor.’

They helped him in; Israel was evidently inclined to leave the little luggage he had brought to Naples, behind.

The sound of footsteps was approaching; the men let go the rope hastily and the little craft drifted out into the world of blue waters. What cared Israel Torriano, the great eastern banker, if they were respectable people or not, with whom he was; they were in his eyes better a thousand times than those detestably fussy folks on the regular steamers whose belongings were their gods. Anyhow, in this smuggling-boat, there were no boxes, no baggage, no arrangements, no calls and orders; he lay down in the bottom on a coarse woollen coverlet, and indulged in the delicious sense that he had got rid of every-day life among men, and could think, speculate, and gaze as he chose. The three men, and a boy they had with them, crouched at the other end, handling their light shell with the ease of clever mariners.

The boy began a Spanish barcarola, and one of the men joined him; the rich mellow sounds swam away into the air, and gave Israel a dreamy idea that he was being carried to some haven of rest out of the world. There he lay, his wide open eyes staring up into the moonlit skies, his soul entranced with anxious longings for that beyond, where alone he

would find the life of his 'Master,' where alone he could mingle his own existence with that of other higher existences, where the body would not for ever be the prominent portion, asking loudly to have its wants supplied, and subduing the spirit by its demands.

And poor Rebecca? Ah! while Israel Torriano imagined only himself in connection with the infinite, he forgot the finite; he forgot or did not even think of the beautifully formed cousin, whose heart, brimful of the images of rich Italian poetry, had had a glimpse of that earthly heaven, 'love' between the sexes. Poor Rebecca leant on her window sill, and sent her heart's desires after that image that had risen before her in such exquisite manly beauty, and had vanished as quickly. The whole world seemed dark to her; Sarah called in vain, her father rebuked in vain; Rebecca sat on through the night, and in that night a new life, a new hope, a new rest struggled within her, and the shut leaves of her soul-life, gently, gently unfolded and discovered as rich a calix as ever was owned by mortal. Sweet holy Rebecca; a grace granted but to few was being given to thee!

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Israel had fallen asleep in his boat; the air had become stifling and sultry, vapours had risen, as coming from volcanoes underneath, and had impregnated the atmosphere with sulphurous particles. The moon hid away, the stars glimmered but here and there, and man's wicked moods were in the ascendant.

The men in the craft whispered to the boy, who slid dextrously to the young Jew's side and rifled his pockets; from it he brought a purse, which they counted.

'Not enough to take and throw him overboard.'

What then? Who was this handsome man? Suddenly, the boy jumped up; a paper, on it was written, 'Israel Torriano to Anton. Torriano, Paris.'

The boy eagerly said to the men:

'I know who he is; they expected an Eastern rich man in Naples, where my uncle steals when he can, and where my cousins beg, at the Jews in the villa. It is he! It is he! Maestro it's a prize; let us pinion him.'

'No, no, restore the purse, we shall see. Santa Maria madre sia benedetta, una tella fortuna!'

'Ah! I like the gipsies best, they don't praise their gods when they rob or murder; they do it quietly, business like. Bah! I'm cleverer than you three, I'm half a gipsy, tho' my father is the privileged beggar at the Monastery of Guiseppe, and my mother the fortune-teller of the great ladies in the Toledo. The padrone and the padrona depend it be-

tween them, and I have to shift for myself. But *I* don't call upon Santa Maria madre—bah !

Israel moved uneasily; the men and boy drew away from him, and by the time the young Jew opened his eyes not the slightest trace was left that he had been undergoing an examination at their hands.

And the boat passed along over those Mediterranean waves, that have seen the birth of the greatest ancient nations, and have borne on their eternally crested waves the Phœnician navigators, the Greek colonists, the Carthaginian merchants, the Roman world-conquerors, the Moorish armies, the crusading knights, the Venetian and Genoese ships of commerce, the Popish subsidiaries, the Spanish gold-laden vessels, the French Republican forces, the English men-of-war, and the last phase of national development, the floating flags of 'United Italy.' In what great human revolution have those Mediterranean waves not had a share? What tales of joy and anguish can they not tell? And now, while bearing along Israel Torriano, they carried on their billows one of the few originally thinking minds of modern times, a mind daring enough to look for principles in teaching forms, for truth in carrying them out, for purity and equalisation in the relations of life. Ah, for those much dimmed humane lessons of Jesus the Nazarene!

It was so easy for Israel to satisfy his wants, that his pocket mostly supplied them; he rose, as the morning breeze was wafted towards him, and regardless of those near him, stood up in real adoration, stretching forth his arms to the great spiritual power whose signs men ignore, though they can perceive them daily and hourly for their enlightenment; though they shine brightly in the faint morning flush, and softer in the evening's dusky red.

The day wore on; it became hot, and still the boat was swiftly borne along by eastern winds. The men had evidently altered their course; they held aloof from all signs of land, and were steering round the southern points of the island of Sardinia; here they calculated whether their provisions were sufficient for a certain number of days, and then communicated with Israel. Would he share with them? They had bread, figs, salt meat, onions, and wine. Israel looked at the bread and the figs and turned from the rest, but necessity sways the universe, and before the day was out his insufferable thirst had made him taste for the first time in his life the fermented liquor of the Spanish grape. His milk, dates, and bread were gone, and he had humbly to own that it is a duty to maintain existence!

The winds were propitious, and the small vessel fled towards Spain. Israel had resigned himself to the hospitality of the mariners, and now and then, what with Italian and Spanish, entered into conversation with them.

He found they were smugglers, hardy, uncompromising rogues, to whom a small business in the matter of doing away with a few specimens of humanity was nothing; who understood little of his visions when he expanded on the loveliness of the sea view around them, and who were devoid of all other religious or moral knowledge, but that of devoutly crossing themselves before an image of Santa Maria madre. The boy, however, pressed close to him, and looked up into his face confidently, the natural cunning of his mind giving way before a genuine touch of greatness.

Days passed; they ran at last into a small creek in the south of Andalusia, not far from Malaga. Violent consultations had been going on in a jargon Israel did not understand. The boy had taken no part, he had only listened attentively.

In the grey of the morning the party stepped on Spanish soil; with a rush two of the men threw themselves on Israel, pinioned and gagged him, and thrust him back into the boat. The boy was sent off somewhere at full speed. It was not very comfortable to be in such a position, but Israel, though in actual pain, bore it resignedly; to him recurred for ever and ever greater sufferings, more exquisite tortures. What was he, that his life should be free from them? God's sky was still above him, consoling, refreshing, and inexpressibly charming in its mute, infinite expanse. The whole hot day the rich Jew lay at the mercy of some Spanish smugglers, exhausted by thirst and hunger; towards night peculiar prolonged whistles were heard. Suddenly the boy ran up and was immediately followed by a posse of odd looking—Spanish gipsies.

Again consultations, angry whisperings, finally complete understanding. Israel was carried off on a litter. The boy slipped from his masters and suddenly joined the group. He went up to the litter, stroked Israel's hands, wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead, and drew the gag from his mouth slyly, making a sign to him not to speak. Then he passed some pieces of bread dipped in wine between his lips, and, under some strong emotion, kissed the pinioned hands. Such a look rewarded him! The boy put his finger on his lips and hastened to the side of the bearers, who were just bawling out what he was doing there. He remained, however, master of the situation; a threatening movement with his fist showed that he knew too much to be treated badly.

It was complete night; they had traversed hilly ground, that became wilder and more romantic in appearance as they proceeded.

A long low whistle, once, twice, thrice; they broke upon a gipsy camp. What a characteristic scene! Half-a-dozen loosely raised tents, under the shadows of almost tropical trees; large chestnuts, a few date

palms and olive copses shrouded the camp from view. Big aloes and cactuses stretched their prickly arms like an entertwining hedge around it, and the scent of a thousand sweet heath plants and wild flowers impregnated the air. Low glimmering fires burnt here and there; dusky groups of children and women stood about, and men lay negligently by the fires, smoking and sulkily chatting together. The procession was received quietly enough, and Israel taken to one of the largest tents; it had evidently been prepared; there was only an old woman crouching on the floor within.

'The blessed child of Israel is come,' she crooned; 'but he has sorrow in his horoscope, sorrow for others, for the women wherever he goes.'

'Hold your noise, mother,' broke out the most important of the men, 'and attend to business. This man wants looking after.'

'May I do it?' said the boy, who had pressed with the others into the tent. 'Come now, let me do it; I gave the information who he was, I have a right to it.'

'Threaten, you young braggard; be off, or I'll chuck you in the well.'

'No you won't—remember Zillah.'

'Wretched, insolent little brute! I'll not let you come here again.'

'Who'll do the smuggling information?'

'Imp!' the man walked away, but turned round again; 'Mother, let Pedro be with thee?'

'Pedro is the right hand of the tribe—young, sly, and wily, Pedro—the Neapolitan serpent. Pedro, thy horoscope is entangled in his,' mumbled the old woman.

'I knew it.'

'How?'

'Something here,' laying his hand on his heart, 'gave a big jump, when I saw him; I knew he would be my master and I should be his slave.'

'Great is his name, great is his soul, great is his power—Pedro, greater still is the evil he will cause to the women—till the last will be like the first and he will be no more a snare to them. He is the chosen one of a race, not our own, but I see him in my big horoscope. He is none of us, he will bring sorrow here, tell them to take him away.'

'But, mother, the money for his ransom.'

'Never mind, take him away; evil is coming, hot, red hot; take him away, he is holy, he'll curse our camp, our tribe; he'll bring sorrow, murder, and death—away!' The old woman rushed from the tent howling hideously.

'She's mad again; all the better. I can attend on him. Oh, he's fainted. Master, sweet master; I'll wait on you, never, never, never to leave you.'

The boy gently and softly nursed Israel, and at last heard a sigh ; Israel opened his eyes ; felt his loosened hands, saw Pedro kneeling before him, and with an inward blessing laid his hand on the boy's head. That moment bought the boy's soul.

'Señor, happen what may, your life shall be safe. Teach me about Him whom you call the Nazarene. Oh, keep me with you.'

'I will.'

Israel Torriano, the man whose word could have cast kings down, made the money-market in the world fluctuate ; altered the price of corn, and starved millions ; stopped the work in innumerable manufactories, works and mines ; whose frown could have beggared homes ; sent men to suicide and women adrift, perhaps to infamy, as knowing nothing better to do ; driven children to refuges, asylums, and work-houses—Israel Torriano lay in the Spanish gipsy tent at the mercy of a gipsy boy !

Capital, thou mover of human and mechanical forces ; thou despot of mankind ; what art thou in the abstract ? Nothing without application, the application of the energies thou can'st buy. A medium thou art, and wilt be for ever, whatever man may make of thee now. Thou art not a primary force, not original power ; only that which will buy both and set them going. Art thou much ? art thou little ? Little in thyself, incomprehensibly great in thy application, thou hast become the arbiter of the fates of men ! Did he who invented thee, dream that thy power would once reign absolute over the civilisation of mankind ? And wilt thou ever dwindle back to thy insignificance, making room for something more real, more moral, more substantial—the combined, not the bought action of hundreds and thousands ?

The answer is hidden in the womb of time.

Israel rested a day, nursed by Pedro ; the old woman did not appear again ; but now and then the same middle-aged man who had given the boy leave to stay, put in his head to see that the two were right, and that the rich prize was there.

For hours the next day Israel slept soundly ; watched over tenderly. Pedro had washed his wrists with sweet oil, and had brought fresh figs, dates, new milk, and cakes. In the evening Israel sat up, and was nearly himself again.

Pedro had gone, evidently to make inquiries in the camp. Suddenly he rushed in flushed and excited.

'Maestro, wilt thou see Zillah ? she dances to-night.'

'And who is Zillah ?'

'Our queen, our beautiful queen. When she dances the stars shine brighter, for they want to grace her dance ; the moon hides herself, for Zillah is sweeter than she ; the air is full of soft sounds, to praise her ;

the camp is gathered around; the men are shouting, the women applauding, the children clap their hands; and I, poor Pedro, the gipsy spy, I feel that Zillah is a beauty, and that a beautiful woman can make one mad?

‘Why Pedro, thou dreamest.’

‘No, I do not dream, but I could cry.’

‘Cry?’

‘Yes, cry; for when Zillah dances the Tarantella my brain swims, my heart beats, I could fall at her feet and say, “I am thy slave.” Save me, maestro. When you speak of *Him* up there, I forget Zillah. Oh, do come to-night, and tell me what it all means.’

‘But you say I must not stir; that they have taken me prisoner here.’

‘Ha, ha,’ laughed Pedro; ‘Why, maestro, you may come into the camp when you are well. You couldn’t stir if you would; every outlet is watched, every path sure. You’ll have to be ransomed. Hush, here he comes.’

The man put in his head: ‘Mayest come out when thou wilt, stranger; we’ll talk to-morrow.’

Israel’s feet were not yet steady, and his gait a little uncertain. The long days in the cramped boat, the little food he had taken, the weary yesterday, when pinioned tightly, he had been carried on the litter by the gipsies over rough unknown roads, had had some effect on him; but once a few steps out of the tent, and his natural independence returned.

The assembly was ready, and the gipsies were holding their *séance*.

‘Come along, there at the back under the tree, you can see her. Don’t go close to her, you might frighten her.’

Zillah was dancing with her castagnettes gracefully and slowly; she began in measured rounds, every movement told on those around her, every sweep of her figure, every step of her feet sent the men into ecstasies; she bent low, she rose up, she swept backward, she leant forward; the castagnettes sounded, her feet quickened—her arms aloft, her long tresses hanging almost to the ground, her svelte figure in a curve, she was the image of impassioned grace—her face smiled, but alone bore no trace of passion. She danced to please others, not herself; that wild, mad dance had awakened no echo in her heart; she danced it unconsciously, and understood not its power over others. Quicker, madder, quicker, madder, round, up, down, low, high, backward, forward—quicker, quicker, quicker; with a bound she twisted round, leant back her head and caught sight of a stranger’s dark figure, and a quiet, mournful, noble face.

She dropt her castagnettes and hid her face—it was dyed scarlet.

The man who seemed to be most powerful, rose from the ground and touched her.

‘Art ill, Zillah?’

‘No, no; why have strangers here?’

‘Where?’

‘Below there, under the tree.’

But Pedro, panting with excitement, had hurried up to Israel: ‘Come away to the tent,’ he said, and dragged him on; Israel was gone, no stranger was found.

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‘Zillah wants to see you to-night,’ said Pedro to Israel next morning. ‘I’ll take you, talk to her as you talk to me—she is very good. And the old ’un will be here soon. Look you, Maestro, he will want much money, for I told him who you were before I knew I did wrong; don’t be angry with me. Will you take me with you when you are ransomed?’

‘But I shall never be ransomed.’

‘Not ransomed; not you, the rich Jew? But here he is.’

The man in authority entered.

‘Sit down, stranger,’ he said; ‘we want few words. What wilt thou pay to be released? we have treated thee well, but thou art prisoner all the same. We know that thou art rich; very rich. Thou mightest not know Spanish money, put it in French—say two hundred thousand franks.’

‘Why tempt thee with so much? I’ll be thy prisoner. I’ll stay here.’

‘Oh, you Jew, no Christian would say that.’

‘Art thou a Christian? Dost thou know what the word means?’

‘No, and don’t care; but he would pay.’

‘Why?’

‘To be free.’

‘I don’t care to be free; freedom is everywhere, if one likes.’

‘But thou art expected in Paris.’

‘How dost thou know?’

‘I do.’

‘Very well, what then?’

‘Man, thou must know thy worth. Thou art made of gold, precious gold. Thy very name is gold—they breath is gold. Thou art wanted for thy gold.’

‘And if I am?’

‘Why let them know thou must have money.’

‘Never. I’ll ask no man for money.’

‘But it is thine.’

‘I know nothing of it.’

‘Suppose we kill thee?’

‘Do.’

‘Dost not fear death?’

‘No.’

‘What art thou? Jews fear death; we had one before, he paid up jollily.’

‘I am a Jew, a Nazarene.’

‘Then thou art not of the faith, I know; something new, I suppose. Art thou a branch of us, of the Zincalo, the Gitano, or the Manusch? Man alive, thou drivest me mad. Rich, rich, rich, till you may wallow in gold; young and handsome, and doesn’t care to be free, doesn’t even care to live! What dost call thy faith?’

‘I am a Nazarene.’

‘They must be odd people; what do they do with their money?’

‘Their Master said it was no use for earth and worse than useless for heaven. Give it to the poor.’

‘Then give me thine.’

‘Thou dost not want it; and, besides, I own nothing.’

‘Israel Torriano owns nothing?’

‘Oh, thou knowest my name. Look at me; here I stand, as thou sayest, Israel Torriano; say, what do I own? Nothing but a body for this life, and a soul for the other.’

‘A soul, what’s that?’

‘I’ll stop and teach thee; better than the ransom.’

‘Better than two hundred thousand francs, never. There, thou art a wheedler; why my tribe will think me a fool. Think of it by to-morrow, hard times may be coming.’

‘Let them.’

The gipsy left the tent, shaking his head and mumbling: ‘A soul better than a ransom; wonder what it is. Pedro, Pedro, come here.’

Pedro came. ‘Look, thou Neapolitan vagrant, don’t get taken up with the Jew’s fancy for a thing he calls a soul, in his funny Italian talk. Thou wert always a dreamer and a spy, and I’ll hang thee to the next tree if I find thee at tricks. The Gitana-mother doesn’t like thy eyes.’

‘Pray, Señor Grandezza, and when didst find Pedro napping? Who brought the Jew? Bah, must grow wiser before thou threaten Pedro. I’d get the lot into prison if I liked, but for Zillah.’

‘Wretch.’

‘Same to the Señor.’

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The Andalusian night lay stilly on the earth; the tropical air was filled with wonderful rich essences, that distilled through the luxurious vegetation, and enslaved men’s senses; big fire-flies hovered over the dark foliage and sward, the cry of the rapacious southern night-bird was heard, as he swung himself from his layer up into the dark vaults of the heavens, looking for prey; beyond, on the brows of the lower

ranges of the Sierra Nevada, and in their fastnesses, the hungry howl of a lonely wolf could be discerned, and here and there a few wild Andalusian horses, mules, and goats would troop by to enjoy their freedom from taming restraint. The South claimed its right to natural beauty, enriched as it was by the vivifying power of strong solar influence. The sun called here forth a higher generative power in the earth, from the earth arose the exhalations of this exuberant vegetation, and back again they fell in dew and shower, fructifying by their own changing evaporation.

Pedro had crept to the tent of his protégé, who was lying quietly before it, unstirred by any emotional thoughts; the past and future of his own life were blanks to him, his imaginative powers ever concentrated themselves on present contemplation. Perhaps there passed just slightly through his memory the noble figure of Rebecca, as he had seen her last near her window. Certainly Jerusalem and its surroundings were incorporated with his ideas; but all remembrance vanished before this glorious Andalusian night.

‘Señor, Zillah waits; come talk to her, I have told her all about you and the Nazarene.’

Israel and Pedro softly went across the heath to a spot Pedro indicated; there, on a little knoll behind protecting cactuses, at her feet a small gurgling rivulet, sat Zillah, the admired Gipsy Queen.

‘Comest thou to a Gitana?’ she said in broken Italian.

‘Why not, the Gentile was dear to our Master?’

‘Who was thy Master?’

‘He who taught my Jewish race the way of love, of sympathy, of mutual hundredfold forgiveness; He who said that chastity lives in a thought, and godliness often in undeclared purpose; He who judged us according to our acknowledged faultiness, not by our own righteous standard; He who in prophetic words spoke to the multitudes from Mount Olivet, by the Galilean seas, near river Jordan, on the wayside to the Samaritan woman, and lastly from the cross to the thief; He who is distorted by men that profess to own Him, who is unknown as yet to millions that may know Him one day; He who loves you, and me, and all, all sinning, faltering humanity. Oh, Gitana, lovely as thou art, dance that dance no more; it is sin, it is unchaste thought! Come now, listen to me.’

‘Thou makest the tears come into my eyes; what am I that I should do other than my own? Pedro knows that I love the sun, the moon, and the stars, and that we sit and speak to the rivulet. Pedro knows how I am watched, how simple is my life; and *thou* sayest I do wrong when I dance to amuse my people. Who is thy God? mine is all about me,—He who created my own fair country, my Spain.’

‘You are right, Zillah; God, both mine and thine, is in all around us; but if we cannot imagine the Creator beyond His creations, then we draw Him down to us. Come, sit down, both of you. I will teach you.’

Israel took the place on the knoll, Zillah and Pedro sat below him at his feet, and both, half-bred Spanish and Italian gipsies as they were, listened earnestly to every word.

What a teacher, this Israel Torriano, the great eastern banker! Teaching a gipsy girl and boy, making them know God in His works, and comprehend His living kindness in having sent the Nazarene to give us the greatest lesson of humanity. The higher the theme went the more impassioned became Israel, until he rose in his excitement, and towering above his hearers, sent forth poetic sentences of adoration to the southern skies.

‘We must go,’ said Pedro.

‘Already?’ answered Zillah. ‘I shall dance the Tarantella no more, good Israel; come here to-morrow and teach again.’

‘If you wish it.’

‘Yes, yes,’ answered Zillah, with a sigh.

Pedro and Israel retired first; Zillah followed them slowly and reluctantly. Suddenly she was stopped by the Gitana-mother.

‘Where hast been, birdy?’

‘In the night air, to catch the breath of life.’

‘Take care; wolves are about, human wolves, with fine faces to devour fair maidens. Remember, remember thy bethothed, the Hungarian Cinganno chief is coming. Remember thy bond.’

‘I own no bond to any man.’

‘What! Rebellious already.’

‘The stars teach me to own only Him who made them, as master.’

‘Send him away! send him away! It’s coming, the blood-red sorrow! Go in, Zillah, the breath of the stranger is scorching thee!’

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Strange to say, the Gitana-mother fell ill, hurling most fearful execrations against someone in her delirium. The head of the tribe, the one who had bargained with Israel, had disappeared on a mysterious mission. The young Jew, waited upon by Pedro like a shadow, was allowed to roam about freely, but whenever he had wandered a little too far, a gipsy would abruptly stand before him, emerging from some hiding-place. Israel knew he was watched; what of it? If he was to go forth from here, well it would be done; money should never buy him off.

He brought the gipsy children around him, and spoke to them kindly, talked gently of the Great Spirit, and made their big black eyes dance with delight at his tales of the far off country. The children would rush to him:

‘Mother thrashed me, because I would not fetch the fowls of the Alcalde in the next village,’ whimpered a big boy one day.

‘Why would’st thou not?’

‘Because you said, what other people owned was their property, and I must ask them to give it. I did ask the Alcalde for the fowls, and he would not give them, but threw a stick at me, so I rushed home and told mother.’

‘Dost thou see the beautiful sky?’

‘Yes, it’s very blue to-day.’

‘It smiles because thou wert good and would’st not sin against the law.’

‘Do men—others in the towns—never take fowls from Alcaldes?’

‘They do, fowls and other things.’

‘Does the sky not thunder then?’

‘Do you know what thunders? A little voice in there, in their breasts, that shakes them, because they have not dealt by their neighbours as they would be dealt by; that voice would speak loud, but they won’t listen. Don’t take what thy neighbour has, but give what thou hast.’

‘That seems funny to Gitana children, who are just taught the other way. But I like you much; you have soft eyes and a beautiful face, and art never in a passion or cross. Dost thou come from the spirits?’

‘I wish I did.’

‘Queen Zillah says you are her God’s child, and He will take you up to live with Him.’

‘Queen Zillah shouldn’t say so. Our God had only one child, and He lives with Him now.’

‘Oh tell us about Him.’

Then Israel would sit under the shade of the big southern chestnuts, and have a score of gipsy children around him, telling them of the Nazarene, who walked about the foreign country healing the sick, pardoning the evil, and loving little children. They would press to him and often whisper:

‘Teach mother, she scolds if I do not run and hide in the village to take the things. Mother will learn, too.’

But the mothers and fathers fought shy of Israel, they would not learn; they had tasted the unwholesome sweet fruits of wild wilfulness.

Zillah was at the trysting-place, sitting below the knoll, for that was sacred to Israel. The Gitana’s colour came and went, her hand played tremblingly with a massive gold chain she wore, her eyes were moist, her foot kept faint measure to her quick, shifting thoughts. Zillah, betrothed somehow to the great Hungarian Cinganno Chief, revolted at the idea to be his wife, to dress smartly for his pleasure, to dance grace-

fully for his delight, to be the show-piece of the tribe. The earnest words of the stranger tingled in her ears, his persuasive teaching had opened a new world in her soul. Oh, why was she a poor untaught Gitana girl? She had never known father and mother; the powerful elder mother of the tribe took authority over her, but even she dared not say much. Everyone in the camp looked upon Zillah as something beyond their ken, as somebody to be loved, fondled, and respected. Zillah had been spoiled; rude had been the awakening from such indulgence to a real life of thought, idea, religion, and hopeless affection!

Israel, Israel, and Israel again, was before her, morn, noon, and night. Might she have touched his hand, might she have smoothed his hair, might she have kissed the hem of his garment! Like a loving child she thought. Zillah, it was as something else, thou wouldst have done it. What was the use of the new teaching if it made her so unhappy? Why should she know the Great Spirit and His crucified Son, if they could not help her to another outward life? Oh, it was misery, to have longings she could not satisfy. It was misery to live out of herself. Rebecca, the Jewess, had speedily found an inner life, approaching to a solution of her doubts and aspirations, but poor Zillah, there was no foundation to build on, and like a wayward reed, Zillah, the Gitana Queen, swayed backward and forward in the stormy atmosphere of unanswered love.

Israel came; Zillah rose, as if obedient to her master.

‘Zillah, why so smart to-day? Why that gold chain?’

‘The mother made me wear it.’

‘The mother? Hast thou not a father?’

‘No, no, no, Israel, thou kindly teacher, teach me no more; thou wilt go away some day, away into the great world, seeking thy mate in person and spirit. I, poor Zillah, shall be left here with the vast sky and the big trees, with the cry of the night-bird and the howl of the wolf. I shall have no one to tell my thoughts; may be my betrothed will drag me to the other country. Oh, leave me an ignorant Zingara, as I have been, dancing the Tarantella.’

‘Not dancing the Tarantella, Zillah, it is wicked.’

‘Why? I am not wicked.’

‘Because it makes men think wicked, unholy thoughts. Why shouldst thou be the cause of them? Zillah, thou art chaste, remain so; give thy heart to the Spirit, adore Him, find your new life in your own self, and flee the ways of men.’

‘How can I? Shall I go with thee?’ she said, hesitatingly and under her breath.

‘How canst thou? I am an errant being, going here and there

seeking my Master's children on this earth, and if I cannot find them ?
Ah, then——

Pedro ran up : 'Oh, here you are ; come maestro, he, the head, has returned, and wants to confer with you ; quick, quick, before he finds you ; and oh, Zillah, with him has come the great Cinganno Chief from Ungaria, to take thee away : come after us slowly. In an hour they will be all drunk at the welcome feast, come back then, I have much to say to you both.'

* * * * *

Israel was in his tent ; the chief put in his head :

'I've been in Paris ; I've seen the rich Torriano. I've told him thou art here. He would not believe me unless thou didst write. He said thou couldst travel like a monarch, thou couldst not fall into the hands of the scum of the earth, the gipsy ; but if thou wilt send word he will pay the money. Write, I want to go back ; I have friends here who need me. I have treated thee better than I should have others, only the Gitana mother made me.'

'I shall *not* write, I shall *not* pay ; whenever I leave this camp I shall leave it as I am.'

'Thou never wilt, we'll kill thee first. What, have a prize and no ransom ? Where would be the sense and reason ?'

'Dost thou think thou dost right ?'

'What is right but every man's advantage ? I know the Jew, I know the Christian ; they do no other, only they colour it over by fine talk and cunning ways.'

'Dost not know the Great Spirit ?'

'No, and I care not for Him ; but I know thee to be a wily, stingy Jew. Here ?' Two men rushed in, Israel was thrown on the ground, pinioned, and left like a dog.

In the dark, long after, someone crawled into the tent.

'Maestro, let me cut the cords ; come, quick, to say good-bye to Zillah.'

Pedro unpinioned Israel ; both went softly from the tent, round at the back of the camp, where the drunken gipsies were carousing in honour of the Ungaria Cinganno ; the two came to the knoll, near which poor Zillah sat.

'He has come, Israel. I wish he had come before, or *thou* hadst never come. Israel, Israel, what shall I do ? My soul is thine, how shall I give it to another ? How shall I give my body without it ?' Zillah's tears came fast and thick.

'Zillah, do *not* give thyself ; remain as thou art. Be thy people's teacher, thy people's good genius ; the children want thee. Adore the Spirit, and die a maiden !'

'Israel, must thou go and leave us ?'

Zillah, for the first time, took hold of his hand, and looked imploringly at him, just as the moon cast faint rays over them.

Steps were approaching; sly, treacherous steps; as Israel gently stroked Zillah's hand to quiet her, a great deep shadow came upon them.

'Jew, infernal serpent, thou dardest touch my bride? Thou miserable wretch, who hast taken the gold of the Christian to become rich. Off, off the earth, away with thee—I'll murder thee in cold blood, and send thee to thy own hell.' The big shadow fell upon Israel, and with one single, powerful thrust, dealt sideways, drove a dagger into his breast. Israel Torriano lay bleeding on the ground.

'Come away, thou false Zillah.'

'False, yes false, for I was never true in my heart; I detest thee; flee, or I curse thee. He whom thou hast slain, he was a child of the spirit, he was noble, he would not have taken me, had I asked; Israel, Israel, come back; I will do as thou hast said! Oh, Israel, let me hear thy voice; art thou dead, so cold, so cold—Pedro, Pedro, where art thou, where hast thou been?'

Zillah lay on Israel's body, moaning pitiously. They dragged her away.

'That hound may be buried to-morrow,' growled the chief.

* * * * *

The moon shone on Israel's pale blue face, on the blood as it trickled from the wound over his white shirt, on the hands that had clutched the grass in the struggle between life and death.

Next morning, when they came to bury the Jewish dog, anxious as they were after this murder to shift the camp and expatriate themselves to Hungary; next morning, the body was gone and Pedro the Neapolitan spy was nowhere to be found!

[*To be continued.*]

GOVERNMENT AND EQUALITY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. EARL OF DESART.

To those who seek in the past lessons to guide them in the future, and to those who read history as something better than a mere collection of facts, one thing must be evident beyond all disputing; that is, the necessity of every society of men, let them be called sects or nations, to have something that they may set up above them to reverence and obey. From the atheist to the church-goer, from the savage to the highly civilised republican, one and all are unable to exist unless this condition is fulfilled: and fulfilled, therefore, it always is; and, as far as we may know, it always will be. Equality and fraternity are brave and alluring words. But they are no more than words, as the history of the world has shown us a thousand times. They no doubt may become realities some day, but it will not be on this earth, and it could not be here unless we were able first to attain to absolute perfection. Two very different classes of men are perpetually insisting upon the possibility of their attainment—philanthropical dreamers, and ambitious malcontents: the difference between them being that the former class believe what they aver, and the latter class know that they are propounding an absurdity: but it is an absurdity that may possibly fill their pockets or satisfy their cravings for fame or power. With the former it is useless to argue. They resemble the gentleman who will bet that the earth is flat, but will not pay unless a perfectly flat piece of it is found to test it by. With the latter class the only argument to be used is one not addressed to them, but to those whom they are trying to persuade by specious but spurious arguments.

The easy rejoinder of shutting a few of these gentlemen in a confined space to live together, with perfect equality, and allowing them to see how long the equality lasted, would probably not satisfy them. The impossibility of equality, even in the most favourable circumstances, might be shown by a reference to a married life. Even in a community self-made, of two persons, one must govern and the other be governed. So we must see what a glance around us and a reference to a few

indisputable facts, will do towards convincing those who believe in the possibility of equality before the millenium. We shall not have to travel far away, either as to time or space, for our arguments come readily to hand.

France, after her great revolution, was perhaps as ready as any nation has ever been for the purifying efforts of the equality-mongers. There were no religious scruples, no class strength, no vested interests, to stand in the way. She was free, absolutely and entirely free, in the hands of the people to shape her future government as they would. But what was the result? Having escaped from mismanagement and incompetency under a king, she willingly placed her neck under the bloody feet of Marat, Danton, and Robespierre; and, when such a yoke of horror had become unbearable, when once more the reign of equality seemed at hand, she willingly cast herself and her grand destinies into the power of the most tyrannical of all despots, a military despot. Be it remarked too, that in those fiery days of iconoclasm, the religion of God was scarcely trampled under foot, before arose the religion of Jean Jacques. Again, in later days, when the country seemed once more to be on the point of governing itself; when no one man, or one party, or one religion, appeared to be uppermost in the State, so-called tyranny was again preferred to so-called freedom, and the fair land of France invoked Cæsarism to her aid. There too, where atheism has made its firmest stand; the men who fear 'No God and no man' are obliged by instinct to raise something above them to worship, and they invite with the fervour of religionists, an apotheosis of Atheism, or of Republicanism, or of Liberty (that red-capped vixen), and set it on high. As to the result of the experiment now going on at Versailles, it would be rash to speak. M. Renan, in his 'Questions Contemporaines,' published in 1868, says: 'The people who can support . . . the inequality of classes without envy, the people who still respect and defend their national dynasty, are the most virtuous, the most enlightened, and will end by being the most free. . . . That small jealousy which is the essence of our boasted love of equality, is powerless to effect great things. Great things are only accomplished by knowledge and submission.' But this much may be said, that the true idea of 'Liberty, Fraternity, Equality,' is very far from being the idea of M. Thiers, or indeed of any but a very small minority of the Chamber. If France is free to-day, she has been more than free for the last twenty-years, and the Republicans have lost by the dethronement of Napoleon III.

America, that land with the never-enough-to-be-praised system of government, to which all our budding Republicans turn their eyes, has placed, and wisely placed, more power into the hands of one man than is enjoyed by any ruler in Europe, except, perhaps, the Czar of Russia.

And the existence of the Senate, which has much greater powers than are enjoyed by our own House of Lords, sufficiently shows that the beautiful notion of equality in governing has not had very much to do with the formation of Washington's model Constitution. In the disgraceful Erie and Tammany swindles too, which we hope and believe would be impossible in this country, we see again the inherent disposition of the masses, educated or uneducated, to put some man or men above them for worship.

If it could, and we are sure it could, be proved that equality is impossible in America, what chance can it have in form-fettered Europe?

The idea of an Irish Republic has always been the idea of a Republic with a king. The Irishman is a hero-worshipper by nature, and would die for a *man*, when he would not cut a shillelagh for a principle. He is perpetually on the look out for a more bellicose O'Connell, or a more courageous Smith O'Brien, and we fear that neither Mr. Martin nor Mr. Smyth will be able to develop into the man he is in search of. If there should exist anyone who believes in the possibility of an Irish Republic lasting six months, let him read the accounts in the American papers of the pleasant way in which the embryo article over there gets on as to its internal arrangements.

Spain, where there exists a strong body of believers in Republicanism, is avowedly obliged, for sheer existence, to have a monarch. So urgent, indeed, is this need, and so universally acknowledged, that the proudest nation in the world has cheerfully consented to place a foreigner at its head; a man in whose veins runs no drop of Castilian blood. A wonderful instance of the impossibility of equality in Government.

Hungary, not long ago the Poland of Austria, is transformed into a nation of loyalists by having a king to itself, given it by a pleasant and facile fiction, and a constitution which is no whit more in favour of equality than that of Austria. The present writer was at Pesth for some time during the struggle for independence, and can bear witness to the fact that for one Hungarian who thought of the object of that struggle, twenty only thought of the triumph of the man deified for the time—Herr Deak.

The Protectorate of Cromwell, the restoration of Charles II., and the calling in of William and Mary, showed the same spirit of wanting a *head* in this country. And, curiously enough, the London 'Hole-in-the-Wall' Republicans, before having decided upon one single principle of the Republic that is to be, have already busied themselves, to the extent of angry disputations, as to the president thereof! We are still ignorant whether 'Citizen Gladstone,' 'Citizen Dilke,' or 'Citizen Bradlaugh,' is the coming man.

If, therefore, from these examples, which could be multiplied very

greatly, we may be held to have established the fact that it is necessary to every community of men to set up something or somebody on high to worship, thereby naturally evading the so-called law of equality, it must follow 'As the night the day,' that the paramount duty falls upon those men raised by birth, accident, or ability, to high places, to direct the general longing for reverence into the right channel. And also when a nation plunges in its madness from one form of government to another, perhaps with blood between them, it is not the fault of the nation itself, but of those few men raised to the surface, its legislators, statesmen, rulers, or—and the word exactly expresses the right meaning—tutors. Just as every battle is decided, not by the good moves of the victors, but by the bad ones of the vanquished, so every popular result is primarily instituted, and eventually carried out, not by the strength and boldness of the revolutionists, but by the weakness and timidity of the party of order. A very slight knowledge of the recent history of Europe will confirm this fact.

The first crime then of a statesman (and in this term we include the before-mentioned ones), is to be weak; and it is also his last crime—unpardonable, and always unpardoned; and one of the weaknesses that ruin constitutions is that of allowing the people, which always means a small blatant section of the nation, to lead instead of their being led. Just as two clever men add double cleverness to the consideration of a subject, so do two ignorant men add double ignorance. And if you could pick individuals at random out of a howling crowd, and converse with them, you would probably find either quiet ignorance or shrewd sense. The intelligence of the vapidest country boor is wisdom compared to that of a mob in which perhaps there may be men of sense and knowledge. Nothing communicates itself from man to man so quickly as ignorance, when in an active form, while knowledge is always secretive and slow to be imparted. A statesman, therefore, who permits himself to be led by the people instead of leading it, commits a crime, or what has been called worse than a crime, a blunder. We have used the word *tutor* as one name for a statesman, and perhaps the term needs some explanation.

Those who have lately written or thought upon the subject of government, may be divided broadly into two classes—those who look upon the legislators as the tutors, and those who look upon them as the servants of the nation. Although a tutor and a servant are both stipendary officials, they differ from each other in the fact that one has authority and the other has none. The nation, when it engages its tutor, has of course the right to dismiss him at its own caprice, but while he is in office it would be a farce to snap fingers at his needful authority. If, however, the legislator is a servant, all legislation must emanate, as all authority does, from his master, the nation; and in this

case the nation is responsible for every fault of its paid servant. Let anyone imagine a household in which the children were allowed to disobey their tutor, or of which a servant was the ruler, and they can imagine the state of anarchy and confusion which the making dominant of mob opinion would engender in this country. It is true that American legislators are accustomed to speak of their 'millions of masters,' but they do so with, as it were, their tongue in their cheek, and mean it as much as 'Your obedient servant' at the end of a letter means its apparent meaning.

If, therefore, it may be conceded that the duty of a statesman is to make use of the power of leading put by Providence into his hands—and to abdicate this right in favour of the people would be to ask his cart to drag his horse—it must follow that one of his first duties is to analyze carefully the meaning of all popular cries, and, instead of valuing them according to their loudness, to value them solely for what right and sense there may be lurking in them, to bring out that right and sense without fear, favour, or affection, and without care as to *change*, and boldly to sweep away with pitiless logic all the frothy nonsense and pernicious falsehood that often wholly composes, and always much encumbers, every popular agitation.

When legislation is originated or hurried by popular outcry, one of two things must be the case—either the legislators have failed to appreciate the necessity for some change at its right moment, or they have violated their duty by making one which they knew to be unnecessary. It is utterly impossible for the 'People in their thousands' to be better informed by stump orators on difficult points of political knowledge than those men whose ability has raised them to the duty of thinking and legislating for the nation.

Having thus demonstrated the paramount duty of a legislator to lead, the next question is, in what direction is he to lead the people? And perhaps the best answer is that he should teach them loyalty, and for that purpose explain fully to them the large meaning of that much abused word.

Loyalty, as we read it now in an Englishman, means fidelity to his country; and as this is too vague a description of it, it resolves itself into fidelity to the thing which has made and which keeps his country great and prosperous, namely, the Constitution; which one thing may be divided again into three things—Sovereign, Lords, and Commons. Of course it is possible that in his heart a legislator may be a Republican, but until he has not only made sure of the superior advantages of a republic here, but also of the certainty of its being accomplished without bloodshed or injustice, his duty is simply to guard and improve the existing Constitution, and thereby, as much as lies in him, to create a general

respect for it. When a statesman takes office, he virtually promises to do his best in this direction ; he swears fidelity to the Constitution as it stands, and he has no more right afterwards to speak of making fundamental alterations in it than a newly-joined ensign has to object to obey the colonel set over him.

That there are now statesmen (nearly meriting the epithet 'great') who are ever ready to stoop to the gutter for popular applause, is the great scandal and misfortune of our day.

It is simply mischievous to the cause of the Constitution to put the demand for loyalty to it upon the high grounds which have been sometimes urged of late, and which were, even in their best days, only artificial and word-built.

'Divine Right of Kings,' 'Sanctity of Royalty,' 'What is, is Right?' these and their modern equivalents, are cries that do harm and not good now-a-days. And, though as we said before, no argument will reach Republicans in England, it may be worth while, for the sake of those who waver, or for those who, like Mr. Osborne, have come into money since they joined the Hole-in-the-Wall Club, to make a few remarks designed to show that radical change is not the physic wanted for the Constitution of this country. We premise, if such cure be necessary, that we do not for a moment design to hold up this Constitution as one which cannot be bettered, or as one which we should write where a new State had empty, uninscribed tablets. It is very easy comparatively to commence a Constitution in which there shall be nothing bad. The difficulty is to make the most of the machinery you find, and not to dream of changing it until a better is shown and is *proved to be better*.

The arguments—so called—which serve agitators to establish a foregone conclusion, are so flimsy that there is no taking hold of them, or replying to them. The best way, therefore, in dealing with the subject of the House of Lords in the present paper, is to take Professor Fawcett's article in the 'Fortnightly Review' for October, as expressing the views of the great body of enlightened Radicals, or Advanced Liberals, as we believe they prefer to be styled.

'The House of Lords is a constant encouragement to violent political agitation.' This is seriously given by Mr. Fawcett as one of the principal reasons for abolishing the hereditary house. On this principle we should at once abolish the Dublin Police, as they are a 'constant encouragement' to Fenian police-murders. Were there no police they could not be murdered. Were there no Upper House there could not be any outcry against it! But the argument, such as it is, leads us further. There is violent agitation against the Contagious Diseases Act ; so, of course, the most loathsome malady known to man must be set free to work its will. There is violent agitation among the thieves (as

large a class as the Republicans), against the Habitual Criminals' Acts, so they must be repealed, &c., &c. It is scarcely too much to say that any twenty unscrupulous and agile men, with money, can raise a 'violent agitation' against anything they please; and to use such agitation as an argument is to attempt the emptying of the sea with a tea-cup. Public opinion—that vague, mysterious article, servant to all parties—is never in these days of cheap newspapers and increased literary facilities, shown by mob-meetings, and we may be sure that the cause is weak that has to make continual appeals to the 'great heart of the people.'

But besides the House of Lords and the Sovereign, is not the House of Commons too a constant encouragement to agitation? When popular agitation has a meaning, what does it mean? Why, simply to alarm the Lower House into compliance with the 'popular' demands. The speakers at mob-meetings speak *at* the House of Commons, and every unsavoury measure which is forced into that House gains entrance through the fears of members for their seats if they say 'No.' If everything that encourages agitation is to be swept away, we shall soon be left without any means of Legislation, or indeed any institutions, at all. That some active and ambitious peers may dislike their present position, as Mr. Fawcett says, is possible, but has nothing to do with the question at issue. Perhaps there are some members of the Lower House who would not object to translation. But all this is somewhat beside the question. The main argument of the enemies of the Upper House is this:—'What right to govern,' they say, 'can birth, an accident, give to a man? If we are to have a Second Chamber, at least let us have one where we have a chance of seeing a body of men whose opinion we may respect, who have earned their position, *and* who are amenable to us, the people.' If a man, utterly ignorant of our history, were brought to England, and the Constitution, as it stands, were explained to him, there is little doubt that his intelligence would revolt at the idea of hereditary government. But let the past of the Constitution be explained to him, let him be shown what a vast and complex machinery has been required to build it up, how years have modified and shaped it—now adding, now taking away, now polishing the whole: explain to that man how the Sovereign represents our loyalty, the House of Commons, our honest, headstrong, English *work*, and the House of Lords our prudence and calm statesmanship, and he will exclaim 'Pull down all this for an unknown better? It would be madness!' We pass over the fact that the man who succeeds his father in the ownership of a factory carries out the hereditary principle when he takes into his hands the virtual government of his late father's workpeople. We are, indeed, all of us the workpeople of the State: and our wages are protection in our various callings, justice in our relation to each other, and the blessings of enforced civilisation; the repudiation of the hereditary

principle would mean a total change of every social custom and of every law we possess, for it is an undoubted fact that the abolition of that principle in the House of Lords is only to be the first step towards its abolition in every relation of life. The wild dream of the *Internationale*, which in the Paris blood-storm got as near fulfilment as it probably ever will, is that no man shall succeed to or inherit anything. Our Upper-House-haters are on the same road, although as yet far behind. The scorn and ridicule cast by these gentlemen upon a man's inheriting a share in the Government, are thrown in a minor degree upon his right to inherit anything; and the one strong reason why what are termed 'popular' meetings will nearly always be found hostile to the Upper Chamber, is that the principle involved in ruining it is to their mind (and the pupils often outstrip the tutors), only a bit of that which shall ruin all property-holders, landlords, and capitalists. See a letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, of December 8th, signed 'Trutz-Baumwoll the Second,' in which the writer, speaking of the working classes, says 'All their clubs and leagues are more or less infected with the ideas of the *Internationale*,' and that 'whatever they declare to be their present object, their ultimate aim is to withdraw both land and capital from private owners.' Further on he says, 'It seems never to have struck Englishmen that they have had a Republic already, and that they got rid of it again as soon as they could. The whole question of "Monarchy *versus* Republic" was exhaustively discussed by the Parliament which invited William of Orange to accept the English Crown.' Mr. Fawcett, and many like him, would, we have no doubt, scorn to avail themselves of such insidious assistance, did they understand it as we do; but the great mind of the people is hard to read, and it is generally interpreted by a politician to agree with his own.

When Mr. Fawcett proceeds to substantiate his statement that the relations between the two Houses are 'most unsatisfactory,' he commences by quoting the University Tests Bill, and assuring us that one of the restrictions which the Lords' influence retained in that bill is 'indefensible, pernicious, unjust, mischievous, and miserable.' Strong language, but weak argument—or rather, no argument at all. Then he goes on to mention the Army Bill, and the use by Mr. Gladstone of the Royal prerogative, which he most rightly deplores, although his reason, that a Tory Premier might one day use it against the Radicals, is a somewhat narrow one. This tells against the Peers, because their doing what Mr. Fawcett says many Liberals considered to be right, drew upon them the wrath of the Premier in a form which jeopardizes the Radicals should they ever be placed in a minority, for it gives a precedent that might end in a mixed education in Ireland receiving a blow 'from which it could scarcely recover.'

The proceedings of the Peers with regard to the Irish Church Bill are also set against them, and we are told that a 'distinguished member of the cabinet' defended a change in the bill by saying it would 'grease the wheels,' and that *The Times* did not like the change.

Mr. Fawcett's indictment, therefore, against the House of Lords is—

1.—That they retained a clause in the University Tests Bill which Mr. Fawcett thinks pernicious.

2.—That they opposed an absurdly incomplete Army Bill rightly, but thereby gave a Liberal Prime Minister cause to do an act which may possibly prove harmful to the Radicals.

3. That their influence caused a change in the Irish Church Bill, which *The Times* thought 'corrupt and corrupting.'

And these are the reasons for which we are asked to make a revolutionary change in the Constitution!

A progressive Conservative and a Radical may be defined as a man who wishes to do right, and a man who wishes to do *something*. The latter, had he been placed in the Garden of Eden, would have cut down the forbidden tree at once, to ascertain the quality of the wood and to improve it. If he had the whole world, he would live in a diving bell or a balloon. Like a child, he wishes to cut open the doll to ascertain what is inside; and also, like the child, he has no idea of how to repair the silly mischief he would do. Just now, the Monarchy, the House of Lords, the Church, are the playthings which he thirsts to examine internally, and which it is the duty of his nurses to keep intact for children after him. The simile in this case is not so inapt, as youth is always the period of revolutionary ideas. Sir Charles Dilke, some ten years hence, will groan over the folly he has lately enunciated.

Even had the House of Lords no other merit, then it is clear that at present it is a target for professional and amateur agitators to shoot at—an useful plaything for youthful revolutionists. As Mr. Fawcett has told us, the Liberal mind, having reformed one thing, scans the horizon far and wide for something else worthy of its attention. If, therefore, we can keep this aristocratic bugbear before the democratic eye, and keep that orb concentrated on the 'nest of hereditary tyrants,' we are doing good service to the nation by giving breathing time to our legislators to effect some unpolitical but very necessary improvements, uninterrupted by the necessity of raising any more banners of revolt for the People's agitators. The process is reversing that of the boa constrictor, for here the victim fascinates the intending devourer.

The sketch of a Second Chamber which Mr. Fawcett gives us, in case the Commons' House should not be made good enough to act alone, is so entirely a sketch, that to criticize it would be to break a butterfly upon the wheel. It has nothing of the hereditary principle in it; but as he

quotes as true Mr. Mills' remark, that the present Upper Chamber could not be abolished without a revolution, and does not predict a revolution, we are at a loss to see the use of propounding an impossible plan of proceeding. If he has conceived a scheme—such as permitting sons of sitting Peers to have their seats, but not *their* sons, who would be eligible for the other House—for gradually destroying the hereditary principle, it would be better to give us that now, as the forming of the ideal Second Chamber will come, if it ever comes, when all of us, monarchists and republicans, religionists and iconoclasts, have given up politics for ever. No doubt in theory it is easy to draw up an apparently faultless Constitution; but, like our dreams of confusedly lovely places, the moment we begin to analyse, the whole fabric falls to pieces. Were we to begin again, and were the present Liberal party to be our instructors, there can be no doubt that our form of government would be one under which education, law, and freedom would flourish; but these three things, however good in themselves, are not sufficient towards a State's well-being. For that are also required, religion, power of obeying, possibility of contentment at least; and these three things are abhorrent to a real advanced Liberal of the day. It is not forward that the model modern go-ahead looks, it is askance. Everything the man—the being of yesterday, to go to-morrow—has not made himself, he would destroy. With patriotism on his lips, and a longing for notoriety at his heart, he will set his puny strength against the work of Time, chipping bits off the old rock called the Constitution, with all the satisfaction of a cockney tourist.

To say that the House of Lords is unpopular in the country is untrue. It is of course unpopular with the section of men whose wishes it at the moment thwarts; but this itself brings to it popularity with those who differ from the said section. And with the large majority of the nation, the people who wish for peace and order, who are contented to be governed and do not strive to govern, it is, from its position as a drag upon the wheels of rash and hasty government, and from the traditions inseparably attached to its members, most firmly popular. The House of Commons represents and interprets the wishes of each majority as it comes uppermost on the subject of the day, but the House of Lords represents the general feeling of the country upon all subjects, a feeling that but for the Peers' calm repression of haste and carelessness of vituperation, would never be known at all. And besides, one great point in favour of the Upper House is, that its members come to a subject as a jury are supposed to approach a trial, without prejudice, and also without those trammels of hustings promises which often make a member of the Commons vote 'Aye' when he feels 'No.'

To take the Contagious Diseases Act as an instance:—Can any sane man suppose that a M.P. who, to save his election has promised

at the last critical moment that he will vote for its repeal, is as competent to decide upon the merits of the question as a Peer, whose sole object can be (in a non-party question like this) the doing what is best for the community? Where questions are non-political, the advantage is most certainly with the Peers' House, and this admits of no disputation.

Comparisons are well known to be odious, but if people will insist on comparing the worth of the two Houses, they should bear in mind that the improvement of either (if improvement does not mean destruction) can only be effected by respecting the fundamental principle of each House; in the Upper House hereditary succession, and in the Lower, election by the people. If the zeal for education which is spreading over the land should take the form of requiring our legislators to pass a qualifying examination, we have no doubt that there would be no objection on the part of the Upper House, and we do not think that House would show badly when the results were made public. It is nonsense to speak of our having no guarantee for the Peers being even commonly educated men, when we know that they are and always have been next to the clergy, the best educated class in the country.

Party feeling runs much less high in the Upper than in the Lower House; we scarcely ever read of 'derisive cheers,' 'ironical laughter,' 'divide! divide! divide!' in the debates of the former; they look at a question simply as itself, and not as embodying the opinion of any man or men; and while the Commons are howling, coughing, and 'divide!'-ing down Mr. W——, the poor Peers are often calmly sitting listening to the lucubrations of the Marquis T——. Party feeling and party impatience are great stumbling-blocks to legislation. To our minds it would always be better for a Tory constituency to elect an honest, experienced Liberal, than a man—(such as we have seen elected)—of whom they only know that he has a long purse, that the Carlton backs him, and that he enunciates Tory views. If two parties in the House are absolutely necessary, it should be the endeavour of the constituencies to make as little of them as possible, and the practice of declaring for a man—as inexperienced speculators on the turf sometimes back a certain jockey's 'mounts' for the year—is utterly subversive of all political efficiency and honesty. Of course constituents have a right to demand an explicit answer from their candidate on the great questions of the day, but to reject a man otherwise proved to be a fit representative, because he thinks the Bible should be read in a school-room, or because he objects to set free a loathsome disease, is touching the limits of absurdity.

The new attempt to convert representatives into simple delegates, will, should it succeed, very much narrow the present fairness of representation. A member now, though he votes in accordance with the views of

the majority of his constituency on all the great questions of the day, will very probably sometimes vote in accordance with the views of the minority on other and smaller questions ; but one of the new ideas of the present political era is that a member only represents those of his constituents who voted for him, and not the whole constituency. An error which cuts to the root of all legislation by representation. If this theory is right, thousands of Conservatives in Scotland (for example) are entirely unrepresented, and have no share whatever in the government of their country. This leads us to touch for a moment on a gross scandal the perpetuation of which it is very difficult to understand. We allude to the position of Liberal Irish and Scotch Peers. The former not only have no chance of ever being elected as Representative Peers, the majority of electors being overwhelmingly Conservative ; but are also debarred by law from seeking the suffrages of any constituency in their own country : while the latter, the Scotch Liberal Peers, in addition to the fact of their having no chance of a seat in the Upper House, are actually incompetent to sit for any constituency at all. So that they are completely disfranchised. No word of defence has, to our knowledge, ever been offered for this incomprehensible state of things, which to expose should be to remedy ; but unfortunately the Irish and Scotch Peers without English titles are not a powerful, or as a rule a wealthy class, and power and wealth are the only things that could aid them ; not possessing of course the sympathy of the nation. So many complaints are constantly being made of the bad attendance in the Upper House, on ordinary occasions, that the addition of these anomalously situated Lords, would be a benefit to the legislation of that House, and in many instances which it would be invidious to distinguish by name, real addition of strength in debating power, and in utility and knowledge of business, would accompany their admittance. Perhaps when we have universal suffrage our legislators will realise the fact that a class of educated men is as much excluded from all share in political life as a gang of convicts. To return, for a moment, to our comparison between the two Houses ; we may ask whether there is not more of what is called 'class legislation' in the Lower than in the Upper Chamber ? While every possible subject of legislation may affect some one class of a member's constituents especially (and that perhaps the most powerful class among those constituents), nine out of ten of the subjects that come up for discussion in the House of Lords can only be regarded by that House as questions to be decided simply on their intrinsic merits. What possible object except doing his duty could have a Peer who voted for a Contagious Diseases, or a Mines Regulation Bill, or against a Licensing Bill ? While on those subjects each member of the House of Commons, would have a dozen different interests tugging at his coat-tails,

and refusing to allow him to legislate in peace as his conscience tells him.

Class agitation, if not class legislation, is now, however, the order of the day. In the old times (called *corrupt*) the men of '32 agitated for a Reform Bill, not as necessary to any one class, but as necessary to the good of the country at large. But now we have changed all that. An amusing instance of this may be found in the address of the Workmen's Peace Association to the working men of Great Britain and Ireland. It begins grandly :—'Fellow Workmen! We are not fanatic dreamers: We are not utopian theorists. We share with you that common inheritance of our race, the practical mind, which is not willing to attack an evil until it has well considered how to attack it, which refuses to destroy until it is ready to construct. Hence we recognise that it is not enough for us to denounce the evil of war, and to paint its thousandfold horrors. You acknowledge the evil. You have been nauseated by the records of its atrocities. ' After a few thrilling sentences descriptive of the horrors of war, we come to the head of the first paragraph 'We therefore ask you to consider (in capitals) the suffering that war inflicts upon' — not upon the world, upon men and women, upon this nation — but, 'upon *The Working Classes!*' This class selfishness and narrowness of vision is really more excessive than it seems, for *The Working Classes*, according to many whose familiar names we read in the list of the Council of this Peace Association, means only that part of the working classes that sympathises with the views of the extreme Radicals and Republicans. If each member of the *Council* were to give his private views on the subject of war, they would probably be that Mr. J. Babbs, print colourer, objects to it because people don't have so many coloured prints in war time; Mr. J. Bailey, tailor, because dress is less thought of by a nation at war. Mr. J. Ball, carpenter, because his trade suffers by war; and so *ad infinitum*. This Peace Association might indeed be called a fortuitous concourse of atoms of self-interest, bound together for the time into one great lump of class selfishness.

So much has been said and written within the last few weeks¹ upon the use of the Crown, both politically and socially, that it is scarcely necessary here to enlarge upon the subject.

If any persons, after the late outburst of feeling, think it advisable to do away with the head-stone of the Constitution, we can only say that they must be either lunatics or Frenchmen. The agitation, in short, has become contemptible, and words are wasted upon it.

But, however contemptible, the position accorded to a Member of

¹ This was written in December last.

Parliament renders it necessary that a very strict account should be taken of his public proceedings. And it would be impossible to leave this subject without a word as to Sir Charles Dilke. Between the reports of the newspapers and his re-publications of his speeches, there is some confusion; but it appears to be allowed on all hands that, if he did not himself accuse the Queen of 'malversation,' he quoted approvingly a pamphlet which did, and that he avowed himself a Republican. This being so, it is instructive to remember the wording of the oath taken by Sir C. Dilke before becoming actually a member of the Legislature.

'I do swear that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria; and I do faithfully promise to maintain and support the succession to the Crown as the same stands limited and settled by virtue of the Act passed in the reign of King William the Third, intituled, "An Act for the further Limitation of the Crown and better securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subjects," and of the subsequent Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland; so help me God!'

So help me God! And this young politician has broken both parts of this oath; the first by attacking Her Majesty; the second by avowing himself a Republican. If the Republic comes, of what value will Sir Charles Dilke's oath of allegiance to it be?

There is so much of the comic in the hare-brained speeches and trimming apologies of this young gentleman, that we should only laugh did we not recognise the fact that he represents, to a certain extent, that extreme party whose creeds our present Prime Minister nearly always, after a decent dallying, adopts. While that man who, despite a certain growing unpopularity among a section of his supporters, is still a wonderfully powerful minister, insists on mistaking his impulses for his convictions, and in supplying a want of sincerity by earnestness; while he denies to us in his numerous speeches one utterance which shall tell us that with him, *as yet*, the Constitution is safe, we are compelled to take an interest in even the most ridiculous crotchets of those persons, whom experience has shown us to be the pioneers of Mr. Gladstone's path. Let him once prove to us that he knows how to lead as well as to follow; that he can be earnest in well doing, even when it brings no party cry, no blessings from change-drunk reformers; let him shake off the trammels of extremity that he has wound around him for the sake of some cheap popularity, and there is no Tory in the land who will grudge him that power which his intellect and his activity alike entitle him to.

The faltering fear of giving offence, which he has shown in his dealings with the Fenians, with the Americans, with the Ultramontanes, and

with the Republicans, raises of itself a thousand new forms of danger to the Constitution.

‘For boldness prospering makes e’en cowards bold.’

The rule of King Mob comes upon us quickly enough without help from within, and it is hard to find a name sufficiently bad for the traitor who opens the gates to the enemy. One thing is certain, that the whole strength of the Conservative party should be brought to bear before it is too late against this movement towards so-called Equality—against this parrot-cry that the people are the best judges of how they should be governed. Revolution, gradual or sudden, means tyranny; that is, of course, when the revolt is not against tyranny or injustice; and the very speeches of the Republicans, by their being allowed, show that here there is no pretence of tyranny; while such injustice as reformers believe to lie in our present distribution of the suffrage can be combated and done away with by the Parliament. Such injustice as property and the right of inheritance will exist as long as there exist men to hold property, or to inherit it. We have named Sir Charles Dilke as the principal exponent of Republicanism, but we are aware that there are others as logical and more violent than he—men who incline us to exclaim, with Dryden,—

‘Never was patriot yet but was a fool.’

‘FHEU! FUGACES.’

AN old man sitting in church, and praying with all his breath.
 An old man waiting alone for the life that comes of death ;
 As the parson tells the well-worn tale of heaven and earth.
 Of the life that is only death—of the death that is only birth !

Aye, he could patter it all by heart, as a school-boy hale ;
 But the old old words are telling a new and a welcome tale.
 For the seal of death is set on the old man’s wrinkled brow,
 And words that once meant little are fraught with meaning now.

Dead in a pauper’s grave, long ’ere next Christmas-day,
 Here is the end at last—and it seemed so far away !
 A careless wilful lad with many an idle plan—
 A reckless headstrong youth—a cold indifferent man.

Much such a man as a dozen in every thirteen are ;
 Day in the fields at work, and night in the ale-house bar.
 Nor better nor worse than others, though oftener wrong than
 right :
 He worked with a will in the week, and he fought on Saturday
 night.

Yet he was often at church, where he made believe to pray,
 For the rector furrowed the land for many a mile away :
 And the rector’s smile meant work, and a home with plenty
 crowned.
 God help the fellow on whom that terrible rector frowned !

And often at church (for the parson proved a useful friend)
 He listened perforce to the oft-told tale of the bad man’s end,
 With a sulky frown on his face as he shuffled a restless limb :
 He was young and merry and strong—such words were never
 for him !

At times the turn of a hymn, or a simple Bible tale
Chimed with the voice of his soul—a low half-stifled wail—
And roused the frivolous man to a sense of sorrow and pain ;
But the long dull sermon always hardened his heart again !

The sermon's just as dull as it was in the days of yore ;
But it bears a meaning now which it never possessed before :
The words are strange and long, but he knows their upshot well,
'The good will go to heaven—the wicked will go to hell !'

No scholar was he at his best, and his eyes are dim with age,
But the Book of the Earth is his, and he reads its open page,
Though rarely glanced at once, no longer idly scanned,
But there's little remains to read, for the end is close at hand.

In every silent page he finds a parable now ;
In the plough that furrows the land—in the seed that follows
the plough—
In the snow that covers the grass, and crackles under his tread—
In the grass that covers the mould—in the mould that covers
the dead.

W. S. GILBERT.

MY COUSIN JAMES.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

I DARESAY I was a cross to them at home. I can understand it now on looking back, though at the time I suffered quite as much as they did from the terrible want of harmony between us. But how could I help it? There was I—a tall, strong, healthy girl, full of life and energy, longing for something to do, yearning for the right to feel, the power to *live*; and there were they—my father, a confirmed invalid; my mother, a nervous woman whom I never remember in a good temper, and who found even our quiet life so full of pains and troubles and anxieties she used to sit down and cry over them, when she did not scold; my sister Nora, twelve years older than myself, nearly as delicate as my father and quite as nervous as my mother, besides holding it as a canon of faith immutable that to be lady-like a woman ought never to show feeling or energy, or any form of excitement—that, in fact, she ought to be as wooden as a doll, and about as lifeless; so it is easy to understand what a dreadful creature I must have seemed to them all, and how unsuited we were mutually to each other.

I stood five feet six, was strong armed, and largely built altogether; more like a boy than a girl in my tastes delighting in dogs and horses; and boating and crag climbing (we lived among the dear old mountains), and utterly unable to sit in the house like other women for a quiet afternoon's embroidering strips of muslin, or reading trashy novels, which were the chief pleasures of my mother and Nora. They scarcely ever went out, even in the summer; and always had the blinds down, and the windows closed. They used to shudder at me when I came into their neat, twilight drawing-room, bringing great clumps of snow on my boots, or patches of mud, or bits of hay and straw, or bark, according to the season; and when they heard my step come striding through the hall, they used to sigh plaintively; and I have often heard them say, in their injured tones: 'Here comes Ida again; she walks just like a man!'

And I daresay I did. But they did not know, and would not see, how often I used to try and walk gently, and take little short steps, like

Nora. To be sure, I could never keep it up, and was forced to go back to the old swift strides natural to me. But I tried; which was something in my favour, if they would but have acknowledged it.

I often thought in those days that I could not be papa's or mamma's child, I was so utterly unlike them, and unlike Nora too. Papa and Nora were both small and dark; mamma was fatter and larger than either, and fairer even than I, for her hair was pure flaxen and mine is very nearly red—a dash more and it would have been really red hair—as it is, I believe it is auburn; but I was as unlike mamma as I was unlike the others. And if papa had not had a brother, to whom he said I bore the most wonderful likeness—a brother who had gone out to California when he was quite young, and had never come back again—I think they too, would have believed that I had been changed at nurse, and that I was a stranger to their blood as I was to their sympathies. As it was, the Californian brother saved my dear old Mary's credit; but certainly he did not make my parents any the better satisfied with their unlikely daughter.

So I lived till I was seventeen, practically without any control or education, but always in disgrace, always trying to win their favour but never succeeding because I never knew when I offended; wondering why I was such a black sheep among them, and trying to feel that I was naughty and abominable and that I deserved their displeasure; but somehow I never could quite get to it. I knew that I wished to please them, but as my strength and health and size were my offences, it is not difficult to understand why I did not attain my wish. 'You are so big, Ida!' they used to say reproachfully; and oh, dear me! how many tears my large thick boots, and gloves at seven and a quarter, have cost me; how many tears my appetite! Yet I really could not eat less than I did; and I was always hungry as it was, for they used to give me such little bits I was ashamed to ask so often for more. They were all more or less invalids, and as they never went out, or took any exercise, of course they eat like birds; but I was always in the open air doing something that gave me an appetite; and besides, I was growing fast, and I had superb health, so naturally I did eat an enormous quantity compared with them; and that used to vex them. In fact, my whole manner of being, the person that I was, used to vex them, and there was no remedy for it anyhow.

When I was seventeen the first great change came to our quiet household. Nora married. I was thunderstruck when she told me, which she did only the week before. I was a great goose, I fear, for though I was dimly conscious of something going on in the household, I had not an idea what it was; and as I had been accustomed to be shut out from all family confidences, and taught not to ask questions,

I had not troubled myself much with what did not concern me. I thought Nora was joking when she told me. She had always declared she never would marry, and I had believed her. And then she was so prim and staid, and to my insolence of youth she seemed so infinitely old—nine-and-twenty; and she looked forty. It was all incredible to me, look at it how I would. However, I soon found it true enough; she married; and of all men in the world, the one I most hated, the Reverend Alexander Tagart—a pale, thin-lipped, austere man of about fifty, whose whole code of righteousness lay in the denial of everything natural and healthy. He and I had never got on well together, the antagonism between us having been pretty well pronounced from the beginning, so I was naturally not over pleased at his entrance into our family. Things had been bad enough for me before, I knew they would be worse now. And the sequel proved I was right.

Nora's marriage killed poor papa. He had been in bad health to begin with, and the excitement, quietly as the wedding was managed, was too much for him. And then he fretted for her. They were so exactly alike in everything that he felt as if part of himself had gone; at least, he used to say so, and he fretted so much that in about three months after she left he died. And was it not cruel?—they would not let me see him when he was ill! They said I was so loud and noisy, and so big, I should disturb him. This was Mr. Tagart's doing, I am sure; and when I cried about it to mamma, and complained of the cruelty, she only said peevishly: 'It is your own fault, Ida; you should be gentler and more affectionate than you are, and obey us when we tell you anything, and then perhaps you might have seen papa.'

Soon after his funeral poor mamma died quite suddenly, of heart disease—fat about the heart, the doctor said; but Mr. Tagart always insisted on it that I killed her. We were at dinner, she and I; and I had been for a long ramble by myself over the fields, and I certainly had come in awfully hungry. It was a brisk, clear, frosty day, and I had been out for five hours, and had walked and scrambled full fifteen miles. Mamma was not well that day, and would not eat; and I remember we had a large piece of roast beef; and I remember too, her horrified look at me when I asked for a second plateful. I shall never forget it.

'What! *more*, Ida?' she said, in a reproachful tone, as if I had done something wrong.

'Yes please, mamma dear I have had such a long walk, and I am so hungry,' I said.

She cut the meat I remember quite passionately—cut me off a huge bit—a *chunk* fit for a plough-boy, and quite flung it on my plate; and she looked very angry; then she gave a deep sigh and sank back in her chair. I was too much ashamed to look at her, so I eat my meat in

silence ; and when I had finished I asked if I should ring the bell? She did not answer, and she looked so pale and strange that I was frightened, and rang loudly for Jane : and Jane sent for the doctor at once ; but when he came he said she was dead, and had been dead for more than half-an-hour. Poor mamma! I don't like to think of that moment!

'See what your unruly appetite, your selfishness and greediness have done!' cried Mr. Tagart, when he heard how it all happened ; 'you have killed your mother!'

I was left by my father's will under the guardianship of Nora and her husband until I came of age, when I should have about five hundred a-year of my own, through my grandfather. Nora, as the eldest, had double that ; for papa had left all his fortune to her, and she had, through mamma's father, the same as I. So as soon as the funeral was over, I went back with the Tagarts to Cracroft Vicarage, which was henceforth to be my home ; at least for the next three years and a half. 'Not a day after,' I said to myself by way of promise and consolation ; 'I will bear it for three years, because I cannot help myself, and I will bear it as cheerfully and good-temperedly as I can ; but after then—not an hour.'

So you see I did not enter on my new life with any expectation of happiness, nor with any cordial feeling on my own side to sweeten what I knew to be Mr. Tagart's dislike and Nora's disapprobation. I was tired of trying to win favour I could not feel I had deservedly lost ; but I meant to make the best of everything, and I was not an ill-tempered girl.

Had I been misunderstood at my own old home? I soon learned to look back on my life there as one comparatively rich in sympathies and love. I had suffered in my large, noisy, healthy childhood in a house of nerves and sickness, but it was all as nothing compared to the torture of my brother-in-law's rule. Heaven forgive me if I speak of him too bitterly, but I cannot think of him calmly even yet ; and the less so because all his cruelty, his evil temper, his tyranny and injustice, were in the name of religion and for the honour of God and Christianity. He set himself to tame me, he said ; he would not continue the mistake which my father and mother had made—the mistake of indulgence—and let me run riot in my godless and unfeminine career ; he had undertaken to subdue my proud defying spirit, God helping him, and he owed it to his own character to succeed, and to bring me into a state befitting the household of a minister of the Word.

All this was right enough, so far as it went ; but we split on the question of what was wrong, and what was unbecoming in a clergyman's family. He made out that almost everything was wrong. I was not to ride ; neither he nor Nora rode, and they would not let me go alone or

with only a groom. This last, Mr. Tagart said, was 'dangerous,' but I really could not see how, and I could never get him to explain. I was not to take long walks, not indeed to go out of the garden alone, and I had no walking companion. I was not to dance, even if I had the opportunity, which was not likely at Cracroft; but even if a dance had been got up among the girls I should not have been allowed to join in it, for Mr. Tagart always said that dancing was the direct road to hell. I was not to sing, except Calvinistic hymns which I did not like; and it was the same with music. All that I might do without rebuke was, at the first, to teach in the Sunday-school under the superintendence of the teacher of the first class, a tailor's daughter with correct views on baptismal regeneration, and to take a part in what he called parish-work. But he soon forbade me even that, because, he said, I taught unsound doctrine and sowed tares. This was because I once said that the very strict and narrow people seemed to think themselves consecrated to the task of putting God's work to rights. Mr. Tagart was so angry with me for saying this!—and punished me by praying at me, and not speaking to me, for more than a week.

You can understand now something of what my life must have been. I think that even Nora was sorry for me; but I never knew. Her husband had so completely dominated her that she seemed afraid of having an opinion of her own; and if he had put a pair of handcuffs on me she would not have dared to take them off. I used to be sorry for Nora, however, whether she was so for me or not. I don't know if I threw away my sympathy, for she never complained, never said she was unhappy, though certainly she never said that she was happy. I think she held it sinful to be very happy, and unlady-like as well; but I fancy that she had got rather more than she had quite bargained for in her husband, and that he made even her, frigid and narrow as she was, feel cramped and chilled.

I had no female friends of any value at Cracroft; indeed there were none to have. There was only one family with whom we could associate on equal terms, the Lawrences, of the Hollies; and they were not very fascinating people. They were just common-place country girls who took a tremendous interest in all the village gossip afloat, and to whom the every-day affairs of domestic life were of more importance than the most stirring events of current history. Whether the jam was to be made to-day or to-morrow was of far greater moment to the family at the Hollies than whether the Prussians or the French would beat; and a change of servants outweighed in their esteem the rise or fall of empires. I used to wonder at their want of sympathy with all outside their own circle; and they used to wonder at me for feeling so much as I did about things in which I was not personally interested. When bad

news once came over about the Commune, and I could not keep the tears out of my eyes in speaking of it—for I was an ardent republican, and believed in the Commune—I gave them occasion for a week's amusement, and my brother-in-law occasion for a sermon on the damnable sin of rebellion, which lasted over two hours and made my head ache; this was what he called preaching the Gospel to me.

There was a brother however at the Hollies, who used to come down at vacation time—he was at Cambridge, in his last year—with whom I fraternised more than with any one else. He was not quite like the rest, being broader and more liberal-minded, and he seemed to understand me better. He helped me with my studies too; for I was too energetic to live in idleness, and too real to be satisfied with dreams; so, as Mr. Tagart had cut me off my usual amount of physical energy, I was forced to fall back on books and hard study as my resource; and Guy Lawrence helped me.

I should have liked Guy much better than I did had he not been going into the church. But I had taken such a horror to the profession since I had known Mr. Tagart, that I at times included Guy himself in my antipathy, when I thought of him as a clergyman. Poor Guy! my best, and indeed my only friend! I did not always dislike him, you know. In general I liked him very much; but when I thought of him as a clergyman—solemn, austere, unnatural, tyrannical, as I felt sure he *must* be—I used to almost hate him. Poor fellow! he must have been immensely puzzled by my changeful ways towards him; but he was always the same to me, always good and kind; and really, for a man who was not my ideal of a man at all—who did not ride, or hunt, or shoot, or do anything I thought a man ought to do—I liked him very much. And then he was so clever! He knew all about everything, as it seemed to me; and more than this, I was grateful to him for liking me as he did, and letting me think as I liked and say what I thought, without telling me I was going to perdition and that I was prompted by Satan, as Mr. Tagart used. One gets to this almost craven gratitude for tolerance and sympathy when one has been kept long enough in an atmosphere of repression and antagonism.

Time went on, and my life at the vicarage became even harder. I would not give way under it—else what was the good of being strong and healthy? But it was a hard fight to keep up and not let myself become either peevish or crushed. But I think the better I bore it and the more cheerful I remained, the more angry Mr. Tagart was with me, and the more determined he was to break my spirit. One day we had a tremendous quarrel. We seldom quarrelled, because I would not. I never answered him when he was insolent and abominable, but to-day he was so outrageous that I was forced to defend myself. It all began

about a mere trifle—a handful of wild flowers I had brought in and had left on the sideboard ; but it ended in an explosion of wrath on both sides, and bitter words that were anything but trifling. I scarcely remember now what I said, but I do remember that he said I was accursed, and a child of the devil, and that God had forsaken me and given me over to the vile imagination of a reprobate heart ; and a great deal more of the same kind. When it was all over, I went down into the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, to get myself cool and think out my position calmly. - And I had not been there long before Guy Lawrence came in. Guy had never seen me so cast down. In general I used to keep my troubles to myself, and show a bright face under them all. I was too strong and healthy to fret. But to-day I was utterly undone ; and when my only friend came in I fairly broke down, and at his first word of kindness burst into tears, like any silly school-girl. The poor fellow was in an awful state.

‘Don’t ! don’t, Miss Beecham ! Oh, what is the matter ? Don’t do that ; pray don’t !’ he kept saying.

But I could not restrain myself. It had been a hard matter to bring me to this ; but now that I had failed, I failed entirely. So I wept and sobbed as if my heart would break, and took no heed of the fact that poor Guy was kneeling beside me, with my hand in his, which he was alternately kissing and crying over. Or rather, I did take heed of it ; but it was so soothing to my bruised nature that any one should show me affection—any one care for me—that I could not repel it. And thus, partly in despair at my present miserable position, which seemed to my exaggerated fancy interminable—for had I not two whole years to wait ?—and partly for gratitude at finding myself loved by any one, I let Guy Lawrence keep my hand, and I promised that I would be his wife. I knew that I did not love him as I felt I could love ; but I did not expect ever to see my ideal, and I had a very tender regard and respect for him. So, desperate and self-deceiving, I gave him my promise, and repented of it the instant after. Mind, I do not wish to exonerate myself. I did wrong ; only I did not know at the time *how* wrong.

Strange to say, Mr. Tagart did not oppose my engagement with Guy. On the contrary, he approved of it with a certain grim satisfaction which struck me at the time as meaning more than it expressed. I have often thought since that he saw how entirely unsuited a shy, reserved, sensitive student like Guy Lawrence, was to such a girl as I, and how the restricted life of a country clergyman’s wife would have told upon me. I think he saw in it a life-long punishment for me, which he was glad I had inflicted with my own hand. He might have looked upon it as a means of grace ; he said he did ; but I had learned by now the real

meaning of his religious phrases. However that may be, he spoke of my engagement everywhere; and there was something in his manner in speaking of it that made me feel as if I had put myself into chains which he had padlocked. My sister said very little. Only once she looked at me rather anxiously, and said in a kinder voice than usual: 'Are you quite sure of yourself, Ida? quite certain that you love him as you ought? You are very young!'

To which I answered cheerfully, 'Oh yes, it is all right! I like Guy Lawrence better than any one I know, and he has always been good to me.'

So no more was said; and my engagement was the recognised fact of the neighbourhood.

I think I told you that papa had a brother in California?—a man who went out when he was quite young, and who had married and settled there. We used to hear of him occasionally, but we did not know much about him. We knew that he had married a half-caste, and that he had a son James; and that was all. You may imagine our surprise then, when the post brought a letter to Nora from uncle Rowland, telling us that we should see his son James, who had taken a fancy to run over to the old country—James himself, our cousin, adding a few words of his own, saying that he would be down at Cracroft to-morrow, having been in England a week.

I never saw Nora or Mr. Tagart so angry. I do not know what they expected to see; but they spoke of cousin James all that evening as a 'savage,' and really, if he had come in a wampum belt, and with a row of eagle's feathers round his head, brandishing a tomahawk and uttering a war whoop, they could not have expected anything more dreadful by the way in which they spoke. As for me, I was glad. Whatever my cousin James might be, he would be a relief to the monotony and deadness of our lives. So the evening passed; they breaking out into angry lamentations at this unwelcome advent, and I trying to look at the matter cheerfully—till I saw I made them worse, and then I held my tongue.

The next day I was in the garden, on the lower walk, when I saw, coming along the lane at the foot of the meadow that skirted the garden, a tall, singular-looking man. It was a cool but pleasant day in June, but the man striding along the road, with a longer step and quieter movements than are usual to Englishmen, wore a velvet coat belted round his waist; his hat was one of those soft felt things which take all manner of shapes, and was drawn close over his eyes; his dark hair was long, and curling on to his neck; he wore over-boots that came up to his knee; and he carried a huge knotted stick. As he came along, apparently half lazily in reality very swiftly, he looked up at the house

and then at me ; then he strode across the fence that divided the field from the road, and came right up the meadow to where I stood by the hedge. I knew at once who it was.

'Guess you are one of my cousins ?' said the stranger, in a rich, full, flexible voice, but with a decided American accent, and a short, abrupt manner.

'Are you cousin James ?' I asked ; and I felt my cheeks grow hot.

'Sure as life,' he said. 'And who are you ?'

'Your cousin Ida.'

'Cousin Ida, shake hands.'

I held out my hand across the sweet-briar and privet forming the hedge, and he grasped it heartily. Then he quietly strode over the garden hedge as he had before surmounted the meadow fence, and looked about him curiously. But he looked most at me.

'I like the looks of you,' he said, with his abrupt manner. 'Sit down awhile ; I'm tired walking ; tell me about yourself and the others. I don't know one darned thing about my British relations, and I want to be posted up before I meet the old one.'

'There is no old one to meet,' I answered ; and I began to tell him about poor papa and mamma ; but he interrupted me, and said, not rudely nor impatiently, only with the frankness of a man accustomed to the simple truth : 'You needn't tell me about that. I know it all. I want to hear about your sister ; Nora, ain't she ? *She* must be pretty old, I reckon.'

'I don't think she would like you to call her so,' I answered, laughing.

But he did not seem to see there was anything to laugh at. He was evidently a grave man, and laughter seemed to come but seldom to his lips. He only repeated, with a [kind of insisting manner, 'She is thirty-one ; older than me by four years ; and that is no chicken, I guess.'

Then I told him about Nora and Mr. Tagart ; and I thought I spoke very guardedly about them both, but especially about him ; but cousin James, who had been looking at me from under his broad-leafed hat brought close down over his eyes, suddenly said : 'You don't love that brother-in-law of yours ?'

'Love him ! no, I certainly don't *love* him,' I answered, lightly and evasively ; 'but I did not say I disliked him.'

'I didn't say you did,' said cousin James quietly ; 'but you don't like him, anyhow.'

And to this I made no answer.

'Never you mind, then,' said cousin James, laying his broad hand on my shoulder, and still looking at me with eyes that seemed as if they saw right through me. 'While I'm here none of them shall hurt you, cousin Ida. I'm glad I've come. I'm glad I've seen you first. You

and I are to be friends, you know.' He took my hand in his, laying it on his palm and looking at it. Then he kissed it, and passed his finger down the veins, saying, 'What a pretty, strong hand! That's the hand I like. You are a grand creature, cousin Ida!'

'I think we had better go into the house,' I said, a little disturbed, and with my face on fire.

'I think so, too,' said cousin James gravely.

So we went up the garden, neither of us speaking; but when we came to the door he laid his hand again on my shoulder, and said, in a lower voice than he had used before: 'We are friends, cousin Ida; that's a fact, ain't it?'

And I, looking up at him as he stood, tall, erect, and with such a fearless and yet such a tender expression in the handsome face that looked into mine, so far above me tall as I was, answered hurriedly, 'Yes.' But it seemed as if both of us had said a great deal more.

If Nora and Mr. Tagart had disliked the idea of cousin James, they disliked the reality ten times more. It was quite painful to see their horror of him, only because his clothes were cut differently from ours, and because he was not up in all the minor matters of etiquette to which we attend. I had never thought either of them very profound observers, but I certainly did not expect to find them so shallow as they were. They saw nothing of cousin James's goodness, nothing of his bravery, his uprightness, his truth, his self-respecting nobleness of nature; they only knew that he spoke with an accent, said 'I guess' and 'I reckon,' used odd words and not always impeccable grammar, kept his hat on in the room—and his hat itself was a sin—tumbled the antimacassars which he called 'darned rags,' disregarded gates and doors and went over hedges and out of windows if it suited him to do so; that, in fact, he was as they said 'a savage,' and to be despised accordingly. And it was just this 'savageness'—that is, this truth and unconventionality—that charmed me. It seemed to me as if I had never known a real man until now. And we were such friends! He had such a quiet, unconquerable way of doing things that even Mr. Tagart was subdued. And when he proposed that I should go for this walk or that ride with him, how much soever Nora and her husband disapproved and were annoyed, they had to give way. Cousin James would listen to no objections. You see they had no hold on him. I don't know how it was done, but with the most absolute unselfishness he was utterly uncontrollable, and did exactly as he liked. I think a quarrel to him was something so serious he had no idea of the small ill-temperers in which my brother-in-law and Nora indulged, and so he really did not see them. He had that large kind of allowance met with only in the very strong—in men and women who can afford to be generous. He was graver than most men, more

silent, but not sad ; it was more a kind of serious earnestness, as would be natural to a man who had always lived in a certain amount of danger, in the midst of a larger, grander nature than we have in England—and in solitude. The best description I can give of him is that in Joaquin Miller's noble poem, 'With Walker in Nicaragua.' It is so like my cousin James that you must let me write it out for you. When you have read this, and what follows, you know all about my cousin :

'He was a brick, and brave as a bear,
As brave as Nevada's grizzlies are,
A Texan tigress in her lair,
Or any lion of anywhere ;
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss,
And true of soul as the north pole-star.
Tall, courtly, grand as any king,
Yet simple as a child at play,
In camp and court the same away,
And never moved at anything.'

Oh, indeed he was grand ! How glad I was that I had such a cousin ! And then the relationship was so delightful. Though a stranger, he was of my own blood ; like a brother, whom I must treat with just a little formality but whom I might love as much as I liked, without harm. How unlike that dreadful so-called brother, Mr. Tagart ! Here was my true brother ! my dear, dear friend ! my perfect man ! How I delighted in him ! how glad I was he had come !

Guy Lawrence was not at home at this time. Of course, cousin James knew that I was engaged ; Mr. Tagart told him so before he had been half an hour in the house, and really I thought he might have left my private affairs alone. I could have told cousin James myself. He never spoke about this engagement to me after the first time ; but the look and tone with which he took both my hands in his, and said ; 'I will wait till I see this lover of yours, cousin Ida,' did not pass from me quickly. What did he mean by waiting ? He would wait to do what ?

He could not mean wait at the vicarage, for he was always running off in the oddest way. He used to come down to breakfast and say that he was going away that day to the Isle of Wight, or the Highlands, or Cornwall, or Wales, or Paris, or Ireland, as if he was going out for a walk ; and places that we should have taken weeks to see he would do in a couple of days, and speak of them as 'pretty little rat holes' afterwards. Nora and Mr. Tagart used to be furious with him when he did so ; but he made me laugh ; and I could understand how a man used to the Sierras and the Cordilleras, and those great rolling prairies and pampas, should find our finest scenery in England small and tame in

comparison ; but Nora and Mr. Tagart would not see things in this light. They used quite to scold when cousin James laughed at the pretensions of Black Gang Chine to sublimity, and when he said that Skiddaw and Scawfell were only 'mole hills of a respectable elevation.'

Well, one day—the day when Guy was expected home—cousin James came into breakfast with his velvet coat and his knobbed stick, and his hat over his eyes (he never carried any luggage) and announced that he was going to Holland, and would be back again presently. He never asked about times or trains when he started off like this. He used to swing himself down the garden, and over the fences, as if he could walk over the whole island in a day ; but I found out afterwards that this was not peculiar to him, but that all Americans, when they come over to England, wander about like wild things in a cage, and crumple up distances which are severe to us into absolute nothings. I went down the garden with him, and I felt so wretched I could scarcely keep the tears out of my eyes. It seemed as if I should never see him again. He was unhappy too, I think ; and when we parted, he pressed my hand till he nearly made me scream.

'I am going now for your good, my girl,' he said in an undertone. 'When I come back we shall know more how we stand. Good-bye ; I think I know you.'

All very enigmatical, but somehow I was a little comforted by what he said ; perhaps rather by what he looked ; for he did look at me very kindly. Then he went ; and as he turned the corner of the lane and I lost sight of him, it was really like the sun going out of the sky.

When I went back into the house Nora and Mr. Tagart both attacked me for going down the garden with him ; and they both ridiculed and abused him most unmercifully. I fired up in his defence, but something in Mr. Tagart's cruel face took all the blood out of mine, and all the courage from my heart, so I ran away to my usual retreat, the summer-house in the garden, half-ashamed and half-frightened ; I do not know what I felt, my whole being was in confusion and distress.

Presently Guy came. Good God ! had I been blind or mad ? I had never thought him very handsome or manly-looking, but to-day it was as if he or I had been transformed since we met last. Small, nervous, shy, diffident, with his lank thin hair falling in a tattered, faded wisp about his bloodless face, his pale blue eyes weak and quivering, his hesitating tremulous voice, his singular uncomfortable manner—he was too strong a contrast to the lordly cousin who had come into my life like an ideal realised, and whose absence I was then lamenting.

'Dearest Ida,' said poor Guy, with such a painful mixture of timidity and pleasure ; 'this is joy indeed, to see you again.'

'How do you do, Guy ?' I said as kindly as I could ; but my own

voice struck on myself as harsh and constrained ; and I held out my hand.

‘Are you glad to see me, Ida?’ he asked, and he began to mumble my hand, sighing and trembling.

‘Why of course I am,’ I answered, trying to laugh ; but the touch of his lips on my hand made my flesh creep, and I drew it hastily away. I could not bear it ; it felt like sacrilege.

But he was a good soul, patient and humble and unsuspecting ; and I believe he would have let me walk over him if it would have given me any pleasure.

Formerly it had been my greatest comfort to be alone with Guy. I never let him make love to me, and there had been something very soothing in his kindness ; besides, I used to make him read to me, or explain what I had been reading, so that his companionship had always had something profitable and elevating in it. But now I could not bear it ; it was maddening ; so I got up and said ‘Let us go to the house, Guy,’ in quite a wild way, for indeed I scarcely knew what I said or did. I only felt I should go out of my mind if I remained there alone with him, and he treating me as if he had a *right* to be kind to me.

Underneath the little table in the summer-house lay a spray of jasmine ; I remembered seeing my cousin James with it in his coat last night ; when Guy took it up, and in his nervous way began breaking it to pieces. I do not know what possessed me, but I do know that I shrieked quite loudly, and snatched the flower from his hand.

‘My darling!’ he said in a frightened tone ; ‘I thought I had hurt you!’

I blushed, and stammered out ‘It is a piece I wanted to draw,’ as I thrust it into the bosom of my dress.

‘I will pick you one much prettier,’ said poor Guy innocently ; but I turned away and pretended not to hear him.

What a hypocrite I was growing ; and why ? I could not understand myself. Guy’s coming had been like a revolution into chaos of the cheerful cosmos I had once called my soul. Oh ! if only he would go away again, and my cousin James come back ! How much more I cared to listen to adventures with grizzlies and wild Indians than to hear ‘Cowper’s Sofa’ or ‘Pope’s Satires !’

Days passed : two, three, four days—a week—a fortnight—and no tidings of cousin James ; not even a letter ; which Nora and Mr. Tagart said was ‘only what might be expected from a savage as he was.’ They sometimes made me almost mad by the way in which they spoke of him ; but somehow I never dared to defend him—Mr. Tagart’s hard, cold eyes, used to *hold* me. I had never known such misery as I was enduring now. I cried all night and I moped all day. I, who had never let myself

fret in my life, who had always shaken myself free of my sorrows, and smiled and carried a brave heart and a high head through them all, now was as nerveless and hysterical as a mere miss; and the worst of it was, I did not know why I was so dreadfully unhappy. Mr. Tagart was horrible, as usual; but he was no more horrible than usual, when I came to think of it—he only seemed so. My sister Nora was no colder than she had always been; but her coldness hurt me more. Guy, poor Guy, was kinder than ever; but his kindness, which was once such a comfort, was now an absolute torture. Good heavens! how had I ever promised to be his wife! I must have been dreaming; I must have been insane; I could not marry him; I would not; I would go away to my uncle in California; I would be free, natural and happy; I would leave this narrow and conventional life for one where I might breathe; I would go away for ever, and never come back to the thralldom, the shams, the tyranny of England! I had no home here—no one who cared for me—my uncle should be my father, and cousin James, ah! cousin James should be my brother, and I would be his faithful friend and sister. But these two terrible years, until I come of age? What should I do! what could I do! and there was no one to help me, not even cousin James; for I could appeal to him as little as I could appeal to Guy Lawrence himself.

What anyone knew or noticed of me at this time I neither asked nor cared. I was not myself, not my own mistress. It was shame and grief to me that I had broken down so helplessly: but so it was, and I could not retrieve myself, I could not call back my lost cheerfulness, my vanished self-command. But in the midst of all this despair and agony I saw from my bed-room window—where I generally sat now straining my eyes to the south—I saw crossing the bridge that tall, commanding figure my eyes and heart were aching to see. There he was—the slouched hat drawn close over his eyes, the velvet coat belted round his waist, the knotted stick, the air of proprietor of all he saw yet stranger to all we valued; and had he been a god, as he was my hero, he could not have been more welcome, more glorious to me. Why not? Was he not my only friend? I saw him coming with his quick movements and swift Red Indian stride across the bridge, down the little turning, and along the path that skirted the meadow by the garden. I was in my own room, as I say, when I first saw him; but before he had left the bridge behind him, and while he was still in the little lane, I was down by the hedge, waiting for him in the sunlight.

The wind took my hair and blew it in waves and wreaths about my head and across my face; it took my purple dress and eddyed it into light gauzy clouds; it was refreshment to my parched lips and feverish cheeks; and when, as on the first day, he crossed the meadow to the

hedge, I, too, as on that first day, reached out my hands to him over the sweet briar and flowering privet; but I could not speak, my heart was too full; I could only hold out my hands and look down; I could not look at him for more than just that one glance.

In a moment he had leaped the hedge; in a moment I felt his heart beating against mine, as he took me in his arms.

'You love me, Ida?' he said, in his full rich voice; 'and as the Lord lives, I love you.'

I do not need to die to know what heaven is—I knew it then.

It was all done in the open air, and the drawing-room windows looked on to the lower terrace where we stood; but I thought of nothing; I cared for nothing; I was in cousin James's keeping now, and I felt that I was safe. He would let nothing harm me, and no one take me from him.

Suddenly I was pulled violently, and I heard Mr. Tagart cry hoarsely: 'Shameless, abandoned girl! do you dare to carry on your abominable intrigues before our very eyes?'

The next instant he was on the ground. One blow from cousin James's strong arm had laid him there.

I had been content to keep my hands clasped together and resting on my cousin's breast, but now I threw my arms round him as far as they would go, saying, 'Do not let them take me from you, cousin James! do not let them take me away!'

'They shall take my life first, I guess,' said my cousin in a low, concentrated voice.

Presently Mr. Tagart picked himself up.

'You will hear of this again, sir,' he said with a scowl.

'Expect I shall,' said cousin James; 'and you have not done with me yet.'

'I have done with you so far that I forbid you to enter my house again, where I can and will keep Miss Beecham safe,' said Mr. Tagart. 'The law gives me that power.'

'I don't care a curse for your old laws,' said cousin James; 'Ida is mine, and I mean to keep her.'

'We shall see about that,' said Mr. Tagart; then turning to me he added authoritatively, speaking as if I had been a dog, 'Go into the house, do you hear? go in this instant, I say!' He put out his hand as if to take hold of me.

'Do you want to feel the earth again, you mean cuss?' cried cousin James, striking down his arm and my brother-in-law shrank back.

'You are aware of the penalty for assaulting a clergyman?' he faltered, trying to bluster but in reality very frightened.

'I neither know nor care,' said cousin James; 'but if you touch her,

I'll do it again. Now, Ida, my girl, listen to me. You know after this I can't go to your house again; but I'll take lodgings in the town and look after you. I'll trust you and you'll trust me, and all will come right. And as for the coil you've got into with the man you've promised, you must tell him you have made a mistake, and that you are coming to me as my wife; and I'll tell him so, too.'

'I will, cousin James,' I said.

'I am sorry to disturb your pleasant little arrangement,' said Mr. Tagart sneeringly; 'but I am your master, Miss Beecham, till you are of age; and until then I absolutely forbid all intercourse whatsoever with your cousin James. You have engaged yourself to Mr. Lawrence, and I warn you I will use all my influence over him to hold you to your bond.'

'I know Guy too well for that!' I exclaimed. 'He will give me up the moment I ask him.'

'For yourself perhaps he might; *I* would, if I were in his place,' said my brother-in-law; 'but your money may be useful. Apparently more than Mr. Lawrence thinks so.'

My cousin's bronzed cheek flamed at this insolence, and he made a stride towards Mr. Tagart, with a look on his face I did not like to see. I laid both my hands on his arms, and placed myself in his way. 'Do not touch him, dear,' I said imploringly, 'we can afford to let him rave.'

'Ida, it is hard,' said my cousin, between his teeth; but he obeyed me, and turned his back abruptly on my brother-in-law.

I knew it cost the quick, hot, Californian blood something to subdue itself to our tamer manners; but cousin James was too brave to be a brawler, and if he might not strike he would not condescend to wrangle; so he left Mr. Tagart to himself, and took me away to the summer-house, where my brother-in-law was obliged to leave us in peace, having by this time become nervous and alarmed.

Here we made our plans; plans, indeed, they were not; only that we were both to declare ourselves to Guy, and to remain faithful to each other and hopeful, until cousin James should see his way to my effectual deliverance from what we both knew would be a tyrannous bondage. And when the evening had come I tore myself away—I going into prison, while cousin James stood motionless on the terrace, watching me to the end. And when I got into the house he was standing there still; but I was in the power of my brother-in-law and guardian.

And now my trial began in real earnest. All that could be thought of to break down my love, my pride, my resolution, was put in force; but I stood firm. Guy was induced—Heaven knows by what shameful misrepresentations of my cousin!—to refuse to see me, and to maintain his claim on me. He wrote me a long letter, and I was not unjust enough

not to see the real love and tenderness in it. He held me for my own good, he said, and until my madness had subsided ; if, in the future, when I had grown calmer and could see things as they were, I still wished to break off my engagement, I should ; but for my own sake, as matters were now, he must keep me to my word. So there was no hope there ; and as I was kept a close prisoner in my room, denied every kind of liberty, I had nothing for it but to be patient, to rely on circumstances, and to hope : and not to believe what both Nora and Mr. Tagart told me, which was that cousin James had left Cracroft, and that no one knew where he had gone or what had become of him, and that he had probably washed his hands of the affair altogether and returned to California, or been lost among the mountains, and was now lying dead at the foot of some precipice. I did not believe either one or the other story ; but it is not easy to keep up one's courage when one is in such a position as mine—an absolute prisoner, and unable to hold any kind of communication with any one but one's jailers and tormenters.

It was a wild autumn night. The rain was falling in torrents ; the wind was howling through the trees ; the waterfall at the back of the vicarage roared and rushed as though it would tear the very roots of the earth away ; and I sat in the dark, in my own room, listening and waiting.

It was past midnight, and all the house had gone to bed ; but I sat by the window, looking out into the darkness. All I could see were the outlines of the trees and mountains, and sometimes the white sheet of seething water in the distance, by the lightning that streamed across the sky. Suddenly I heard a muffled kind of noise against the side of the house, and then a gentle tapping against the window ; and I thought I saw by a vivid flash the figure of a man standing dark against the pane. I was frightened at the first, but I soon recovered myself. When you are very miserable, even a danger comes as a relief. The tapping was repeated, softly, and I cautiously opened the window. Light and supple as a panther there sprang into my room—something ; in the darkness I did not know what or who it was. I only felt a large wet mass of velvet ; then two arms that took me up from the ground bodily ; and a warm bearded face that kissed mine.

‘Ida!’ whispered a voice. And then I knew what my heart had already told me. It was my cousin James—my beloved, my deliverer!

‘Can you brave the night?’ he said.

He did not ask, could I trust him? He knew that.

‘With you? Yes, I could brave anything!’ I answered.

‘Put on your hat and cloak, then, and come,’ said my cousin. ‘Never mind what you leave behind you ; you shall have double all you lose.’

‘I have no things,’ I whispered. ‘They have taken away everything

except what I am wearing. No hat, no cloak, no boots!' And I tried to laugh.

My cousin swore between his teeth.

'The night will kill you,' he said. 'Oh, the damned cruel tigers!'

Just then a driving gust of wind and rain shook and deluged the room. The lightning flashed brighter and more frequent, and the thunder roared with more tremendous power. I clung to my cousin. Even I, strong-nerved as I was, shrank from the idea of facing such a storm in a thin muslin dress, and with only bed-room slippers.

'You are afraid, my darling, my beauty!' he said, very tenderly.

I trembled as I clung to him. I was cold, only half-clad, and I had been for a fortnight so poorly fed I was more than half starved; besides, the moral anguish I had gone through had shaken me; so no wonder I trembled.

'I cannot even ask you in such weather,' he went on to say, soothingly. 'We must bide our time and wait for a fairer opportunity; but I have a carriage at the foot of the hill, the ship sails to-morrow, and our passage is taken.'

'I will go, cousin James,' I said, lifting up my head. 'It is only one trial, and then I shall be safe.'

He pressed me to him rapturously. 'I thought I knew my brave girl!' he said. 'One effort, Ida, and you are free!'

Quick as thought he wrapped me in his velvet coat, and buckled it round my waist, so that it did not inconvenience me; then he stepped out into the darkness, holding my hand, and softly telling me not to fear. I followed him, and groped my way on to the ladder that was placed against the window; and in a few seconds I was on the gravel walk—slipperless! But I did not tell him this. We felt our way in the dark through the garden to the gate by the summer-house, where, at the foot of the hill, the carriage was waiting. Turning back to look at the vicarage for the last time, I thought I saw a small red flame flicker out of one of the windows. I looked again, and saw it more distinctly. Another and another; then came the smell of burning wood, then the hissing of the rain as it fell on the rapidly increasing flames, while wreaths of red smoke wound up into the air and were lost in the blackness of the night. There was no doubt now; the house was on fire.

'We must go back and save the poor cusses,' said cousin James, quietly. 'My darling! we will not be parted even for this.'

He kissed me, and rushed back to the house just as the flames were licking up to the floor of my sister's bedroom, and I saw him disappear into the smoke and fire. I could not stay where I was. Like a wild thing I too rushed up to the house, but the heat drove me back. I called to my cousin. Above the din and tumult of the fire and the

night, my voice, flung up with the shrill sharpness of agony, reached his ear. He was then carrying down the insensible form of my sister, Mr. Tagart clinging to him, crying; and as soon as he had placed them in safety he came back to me, saying cheerily, 'Here I am, Ida! not a darned hair the worse!'

He did everything so coolly, so much as a matter of course; but though he said he was no worse, there was a great gash in his strong arm, and the blood was streaming from it.

'Tie it up, my beauty,' he said to me pleasantly, as if it were a mere scratch; 'let me see if you are fit to be a Californian's wife.'

And when I had tied up the wound, which I did as bravely as I could, for I knew that would please him more than sympathetic tremors and tears, he kissed me tenderly, and said, with such love in his voice that my very brain reeled for joy, 'God bless you, girl! I thought you were clear grit all through, and now I know it.'

Oh, you great heavens, how I loved him at that moment!

By this time the fire had become seen from the town, and the place was alive. But cousin James, having done all he cared to do—saved Nora and Mr. Tagart, and assured himself that the servants too were safe—took me aside, and in the confusion we were lost and made our escape without attracting notice. The next day we embarked on board the boat bound for California, and a clergyman on board married us. And as he read the service I looked up with a strange sensation, and—do not think me absolutely insane?—I declare to you, on my word of honour and as I hope to be saved, I saw Guy Lawrence, beautiful as a glorified angel, and as if floating in mid-air, gazing down on me with a tender but well-pleased smile. As I looked, the vision faded away; but I saw him as distinctly as I see you now, and I knew in my heart that he was dead.

And so he was. When we got to California we found a telegram to arrest my cousin and me on a charge of arson and manslaughter; though I don't know how they made that out exactly. But it seems that poor Guy, hurrying to the burning house, and not able to find any tidings of me, dashed headlong into the flames, calling out my name, and—I cannot end the sentence! Poor Guy! poor loving, faithful Guy! I wonder if I am a wretch, as Mr. Tagart says.

It was a poor kind of reward however, to my hero for his bravery in saving my sister and her husband from such an awful death, to be arrested the moment he set foot on his native land. But California is not quite like England, and cousin James made it right somehow with the Consul and the Judge; and to make assurance doubly sure, he took me away the next day to a solitary ravine among the mountains, where no one could find me, and where we lived absolutely in the wilderness

till everything had blown over, and I was my own mistress and of age. Up to that time Mr. Tagart did not cease to persecute me ; but we were too far off to be touched ; and when cousin James told our story, the popular feeling went so entirely with us that it would have been more than a man's life was worth to have attempted to molest us.

So here I am, at last LIVING—free, blessed, and beloved ; and though sometimes my heart turns back to dear old England with love and yearning, I have only to look at my Hero—only to take my boy, and his, to my heart, and I forget then everything but that I am cousin James's wife, and the happiest mother in the whole of this bright, beautiful, grand New World !

GERMAN TROUBADOURS AND MASTER-SINGERS.

BY KARL BLIND.

THE German nation, which is not a political product of to-day, as some appear to think, but which was knit together nearly a thousand years ago, in a union far more efficient than the incomplete one at present existing, has, like its western neighbour, enjoyed an early literary development. A rugged, heroic poetry, and some religious chaunts, which have come down to us in a fragmentary form, mark the most ancient time. Between the twelfth and the fourteenth century, Germany has had her *minne-singer*, or troubadours. After that, a school of *meister-singer* flourished in the towns, until that gigantic cataclysm occurred—the Thirty Years' War, during which the nation's life-blood ebbed out whilst its soul was panting for spiritual freedom.

Then the 'princes,'¹ who by law were mere provincial governors, but who had for some time past aspired to sovereignty and endeavoured to set up particular dynasties, began to tear the Empire to shreds. The popular forces which in the various Republican (*Eidgenossen*) Leagues, and in the War of the Peasants during the Reformation movement, had sought to reorganise the nation on a democratic basis, were no longer in the field. The princes thus had it all their own way; and Germany who once had undoubtedly been an indivisible union—not a mere confederacy of sovereign states, but a real Union—became split up into a medley of petty principalities over whom merely a shadow of Imperial rule flitted, until that shadow, too, was formally done away with in 1806, when the Corsican conqueror lorded it over Continental Europe.

During the colossal misfortune which befel Germany in consequence of the terrible struggle of the seventeenth century, it seemed for a while as if her intellectual light were extinguished. Her very language, with

¹ *Fürsten*, which originally did not mean sovereign rulers, but simply the first or foremost of the high aristocracy—a meaning that word still had at Luther's time.

its combined strength and aptitude for musical development, became barbarised. It sank down to the level of a rude dialect. Only gradually, our literature, which had had so promising a beginning, recovered the lost ground, but at last attained once more a development the extent, beauty, grandeur, and richness of which is now universally acknowledged even by a nation in which an unapproachable poetical master-mind has risen.

There is a great break between the Master-singer epoch and the literature of which Goethe and Schiller are the foremost representatives. Yet, Goethe was, as he himself confesses, deeply indebted to that particular poet of the Master-singer school who is best known by name, though not by his works, namely, to Hans Sachs, the much-vilified 'shoemaking rhymester' of Nuremberg. 'In order to find a congenial poetical soil on which we could plant our foot, in order to discover an element on which we could breathe freely'—says the author of *Wahrheit und Dichtung*—'we had to go back a few centuries, when solid capabilities rose splendidly from a chaotic condition; and thus we entered into friendly intercourse with the poetry of those bygone ages. The minne-singers were too far removed from us. We would first have had to study their language; and that did not suit us. Our object was to live, and not to learn. Hans Sachs, the truly masterly poet, was nearest to us. A genuine talent, although not in the manner of those knights and courtiers; but a quaint citizen, even as we boasted of being! His didactic realism agreed with our tendency; and we used, on many occasions, his easy rhythm, his facile rhyme.'

So Goethe, who, moreover, in his 'Poetical Mission of Hans Sachs,'¹ has fervently sung the praise of the citizen poet, uttering strange curses against 'the folk that would not acknowledge their master,' and condemning them to 'be banished into the frog-pond,' instead of dwelling on the serene heights where genuine bards throne in glory.

If a Goethe could thus speak of a master-singer, that often-despised school of town's-poets may, after all, merit some notion. The proper judgment of the rise and origin of the Meister-singer is, however, generally obscured at the very outset by the unduly sharp division made between their early representatives and the chivalric Minstrels of Love. Minne-song and Master-song are reckoned to bear their antagonistic difference in their very appellations. Yet, the apparently distinctive name of 'Meister' was applied already to poets in the period in which we generally assume that the German troubadours flourished. On the other hand, the word 'minne-singer' is of quite recent date. It was Bodmer who first used it in the last century: and this comparatively new word

¹ Hans Sachsens poetische Sendung.

then gave rise to 'an over-strained division-line which is detrimental to a proper understanding. Grimm at least, the great authority, has decidedly laid it down as his opinion that the Troubadour-song and the Master-song in Germany are not only not to be thus divided, but that they have a close affinity in their essential points. Docen and von der Hagen have upheld the contrary view. 'The Minne and Meister-song,'—Grimm says—'are one plant, which at first was sweet; which in its older age developed into a degree of acerbity; and which at last necessarily became woody. But unless we go back to the days of its youth, we shall never comprehend the branches and twigs which have sprouted forth from it.'

Even the usual separation into 'chivalric' poets and 'civic' poets must be accepted with some caution. Among the crowd of lyric bards whose songs have been handed down to us in that famous collection attributed to Rüdger von Maness, the splendid manuscript of which is still, in spite of the Peace of Frankfort, retained by the French, there are not a few singers of humble descent and calling. We there meet with a clerk, a schoolmaster, a fisherman, a smith, and other mechanics—even a poet of the much persecuted race of the Hebrews, namely, the Jew Süsskind, of Trimberg. That which we possess of him, is poetry of a more abstract, philosophical character, a kind of Solomonic wisdom, not untinged with melancholy. In the midst of priestly fanaticism, he sings of the freedom of thought. 'Thought penetrates through stone and steel; Thought travels quicker over the field than the quickest glance of eyes; Thought rises high up in the air above the soaring eagle.' No doubt, this Jewish Marquis Posa had, as he himself relates, at last to leave the poetic art, finding little favour among its noble patrons. In bitter disappointment he complains that he is travelling on the fool's high-road (*ich var uf der tôren vart*), and says he will give it up, grow a long beard of gray hairs, live in the manner of the old Jews, clad in a long mantle, with a capacious hood, walking along with lowly gait, and trying to forget that he had ever sung at courts.

The vast majority of those whom we now call minne-singers were no doubt of noble descent. Some of our emperors were befriended by the muse. Even Henry VI., that iron ruler, is reckoned among the troubadours; his lay: '*Ich grueze mit gesang die suezen, die ich vermâden niht wil, noch enmac*' is one of the most touching:

I greet with song that sweetest lady
Whom I can ne'er forget;
Though many a day is past and gone
Since face to face we met.

Frederick II, too, another German ruler of the Suabian house of Hohenstaufen, struck the lyre; but as he composed in the Italian

tongue, he cannot be included among our own troubadours. Great depth of feeling marks his song: '*Di dolor mi conviene cantare.*' An excellent English translation, under the title of 'My Lady in Bondage,' is to be found in 'The Early Italian Poets, from Ciullo D'Alcamo to Dante Alghieri,' by G. D. Rossetti. Some have fancied to see in this song of the free-thinking German emperor an allusion to the captivity of the Church, a symbolisation of religious ideas. This view is undoubtedly a most erroneous one; Frederick's lay has as much to do with the Church as the Song of Solomon has.

But though king-emperors, dukes, princes and counts, had a slight part in the literary productions of that age, the main strength of the minnesinging brotherhood resided in men of less ambitious descent, who had sprung from the lower nobility, and who were generally gifted with very small worldly goods, if with any at all. Uhland, in his otherwise so beautiful Tale of German Poesy (*Mährchen*), which describes the different periods of our literature in a charming Dornröschen allegory, calls German poesy a 'princely child,'¹ and a 'princess.' The great connoisseur of our ancient literature, who knew better when he wrote in prose, allowed himself, in his 'Tale,' to be beguiled into this mis-statement by the seduction which the Dornröschen myth naturally offered. The truth is, the mass of our early lyric bards were, in rank, only removed a degree from the generality of freemen. Some of them pass even wrongly

¹ Zwo mächt'ge Feen nahten
Dem schönen Fürstenkind;
An seine Wiege traten
Sie mit dem Angebind

Und als es kam zu Jahren,
Ward es die schönste Frau,
Mit langen, goldnen Haaren,
Mit Augen dunkelblau

Viel stolze Ritter gingen
Der Holden Dienste nach:
Heinrich von Ofterdingen,
Wolfram von Eschenbach.
Sie gingen in Stahl und Eisen,
Goldharfen in der Hand;
Die Fürstin war zu preisen,
Die solche Diener fand.

Von alter Städte Mauern
Der Wiederhall erklang;
Die Bürger und die Bauern
Erhuben frischen Sang.

as members of the nobiliary order. For instance, it is by no means sure that Walter von der Vogelweide was of aristocratic origin; the contrary is more probable in fact. Again, as I have above remarked, there were, among the poets of that period, not a few whose civic character is beyond question. These circumstances have to be mentioned, in order to show how difficult it is to draw a strong line of demarcation between *minne-singer* and *meister-singer*, at least in the intermediary stage during which they blend, whilst afterwards no doubt a change occurs—imperceptible at first, and only later of the most pronounced kind.

The master-singers regarded themselves as the continuators of the old poetry. Among the 'Twelve Masters' who, the legend says, founded the poetical schools in the cities, Frauenlob, Klingsor, Walter von der Vogelweide, the Marner, and Reinmar von Zweter are named—all undoubtedly troubadours, although by no means all belonging to the nobiliary order. I need not say that this alleged formal foundation of a master-singer guild is as much a myth as Arthur's Round Table. Chronologically, the Twelve Masters could not have acted together; nor could they have done what the fable relates, in the reign of Otto the Great under whom the event is said to have taken place. Nevertheless, even that myth shows that the Meister-singer felt some contact with their predecessors. And indeed there are, among what are now called the Minne-singer, several who are remarkably like some of the later didactic, sententious master-singers. Again, among the towns'-poets, especially among those who are reckoned as precursors of the school, some by far excel, in fervour and chivalric colouring, their aristocratic prototypes. The master-singers called their own art '*die holdselige Kunst*;' an appellation reminding us of the '*science gaye*' of the Provençal troubadours, among which latter however—in the words of Görres—'the ardent breath of Moorish poetry is felt,' whilst among the minne-singer, and still more among the majority of the meister-singer, a colder tone prevails.

Territorially also, the Master-song coincides with the Minne-song. It extended from the Upper Rhine, from Alsace, then a very cradle of German culture, into Franconia, Bavaria, Thuringia, and partly also Lower Germany, or Saxony, as it was then called. It was mainly the South and the West on which both forms of poetry grew up—the onesprouting forth from the other. At Toulouse also, as Grimm remarks, the last remnants of Provençal poetry, the *jeux floraux*, lingered on the same spot where they had flourished of old.

And even as the later master-singers composed their lays according to set rules, so we find 'rules' and 'masters' already among the chivalric poets in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Nor could it well be otherwise if we remember the form and figure of the Poetic Art of those early ages. Now-a-days, in thinking of poems, we have a notion

of some book that is to be read, of some production composed in the solitude of a study, and destined to be conveyed into the mind of others through the medium of the eye. But the minne-singer were yet bards in the ancient Orphic fashion. They really sang; their delivery was essentially a chaunting one. Hence the birds on the flowery meadow play such a part in their lays. Hence those poets, not quite inaptly, called themselves 'nightingales.' In this respect also, the two poetic circles have a point of contact which ought to be kept in mind, for the *Meister-Singer*, like their predecessors, never delivered their productions otherwise than in singing. Their name, therefore, was not a mere figure of speech.

Germany was then, even in a higher degree than now, a country full of song. The melodies, some of which have been preserved, were simple enough; but the whole nation delighted in the repetition of those strains: and song, which was but another word for poetry, was almost invariably connected with dance. Dance, among all nations of ancient time, is not simply an amusement, but at the same time an act of consecration: in the earliest ages a religious, sacrificial performance. It is as if the harmony of the many-winded movements had been considered an image of the variegated, and yet orderly, cycle of Nature; of the recurrence, after many changes, of the same phenomena on this planet, as well as on the starry skies.

A 'wandering society' (*fahrende diet*) of minne-singer consisted, at least, of the poet, the declamator (*sager*), the fiddler, and the dancer. When the poet himself was unable to sing, he was represented by another, called the little songster (*das singerlein*). A player on some wind-instrument (*blasgeselle*) is also mentioned by some of the minne-singer; he probably played on the flute. Now, in order to get a proper conception of the character of these migratory poetical associations, we must dismiss the remembrance of our modern manners and views, and rather think of the most ancient Greek, or, for the sake of that, Teutonic life, and we shall at once look upon the matter in a very different light. It will be seen at a glance that where such a co-operation was required as is indicated by the appellations of the various members of a 'Fahrende Diet,' a sort of poetical school would gradually be formed, with distinct rules—a school in which there would be masters and pupils, and various degrees.

'From whom have you learnt your art?' asks Klingsor, in wrathful contempt, his rival, Wolfram von Eschenbach, during the famous Tournament of Song known as the Wartburg Contest, in which the rival minne-singer were represented as contending for the palm. The ironical question can only be understood when one knows that the then united arts of poetry and of singing were already at that time taught in regular

school, or guild, fashion, even as was later the case among the burgher-poets. Klingsor is probably but a mythic personage, a sort of early medieval Faust. But the author of the 'Wartburg War' has certainly not put an anachronistic remark into his mouth.

There were many gradations in these poetical fellowships. The high-born dukes and members of ruling houses who occasionally turned to the harp, did not, of course, belong to the singer class properly speaking. The veritable singers, or poets, according to the customs of the age, led a migratory life, going from one court, or nobleman's mansion, to the other, expecting reward for what they gave. Their poetry is by themselves called 'courtly song' (*hovelicher sang*). The expression had, however, not the unpleasant meaning that would now be evoked by the term 'courtly.' *Hof*, from which 'hovelich' (courtly) is derived, then meant any country seat. The word is even now used in Germany as well for a prince's court as for a peasant freeholder's dwelling. The habit of taking reward, wages (*miete*), for their poems, was openly acknowledged by these minstrels. So distinguished a poet as Walter von der Vogelweide did not scruple to say that he expected his 'wages.' Still, in the beautiful lay in which he sings the praise of German women—

German men are nobly bred ;
E'en as angels our women are
Virtue and pure love,
He who seeks for them,
May he come to our land so full of bliss—
O, long would I live therein !

the poet has the good taste (that is to say, according to the courtesy of the time) of declaring that womankind is far too sublime for him to expect any other 'wages' from them than amiable greetings (*schone grueze*). The same Walter, some time afterwards, obtained a feudal tenure in reward for his exertions during an election contest for the German crown. The poetical effusion in which he expresses his unbounded gratitude for this liberal act of the ruler whom he had helped to place on the Imperial Throne, is rather comic in its exuberance. He says he no longer fears to 'feel frosty winter in his toes,' nor does he mind what wicked lords think of him. He now has 'air in summer, and fuel in the cold season ;' his neighbours consider him a most excellent man, whereas formerly they looked quite bearishly at him. His poems, once regarded as bitter, grumbling, and scolding utterances (his satires on Church and State are here alluded to), are now thought quite clean and fit for a court :

Ich was sô volle scheltens, daz mîn âten stanc ;
Daz hat der künec gemachet reine, und dar zuo minen sanc.

A rather realistic expression for a tender minne-singer ! But troubadour language, generally so fragrant, sometimes breaks out into utterances totally unfit for a modern drawing-room.

Between the various poetical associations, and the different rivals in the art, angry feuds occasionally sprang up, according to the excitable nature which has from olden times been attributed to the poetical genius. The angriest words were exchanged between those who looked down upon each other as being of an inferior degree in the poetical guild. There were bards who carefully cultivated the ancient and purer traditions ; others who descended to the lowest humdrum versification. As taste degenerated in consequence of the nobility assuming more and more a lansquenet and even robber character, and becoming, therefore, unable to enjoy true poetry, the inferior caste of poetasters rose to the surface. Even as the minstrels in England, and the *Confrérie des Menestriers* and the *Troubadours* in Northern and Southern France, gradually became mere street-bawlers and *jongleurs*, so also in Germany a gradual deterioration took place in the character of the wandering bards. So-called 'sentence-sayers' (*spruch-sprecher*) and court fools (*hofschalke*) began to introduce themselves in the castles and mansions and to obtain the chief hold on the people at large. A great many complaints are yet extant of later minne-singer, who utter their grief at the decaying art.

They charge that decay upon the miserly habits which had grown up among the nobility, as well as upon the increase of 'court foolery.' Thus Konrad von Würzburg complains of these 'untutored fools' (*künstelose schalke*), whom he calls a bastard cross-breed between a wolf and a fox, and of whom he says that they steal from the real poets (the *künstereichen*) both the language and the melody. In a symbolical representation he leads True Art into a wood before the throne of Justice. Clad in tattered, beggarly garments, True Art utters her grievance. The verdict of Justice is, that he who confers upon the vile poetasters the rewards which rightfully belong to the veritable bards, shall for all time to come be shunned by Love.

Much stronger are the expressions of the minne-singer Boppo, with the surname of 'the Strong.' He was famed for his bodily strength ; nor was his language deficient in massiveness. In abusing the inferior versifex class, he runs through the whole animal kingdom, and through every imaginable scolding term, in order to fix strange denominations upon them—as for instance : *herr esel, dünnelgut, ehrenneider, galgenschwengel, niemands freund, wiedehopf, schwalbennest, entenschnabel, affenzagel, schandendeckebloss*. That power which our language possesses of coining new terms, had evidently been concentrated in a remarkable degree in the hands of Boppo, who, albeit a troubadour, is supposed to have originally

been a glass-blower, and who subjected his antagonists to a most unmerciful fire of vituperative appellations.

The Minne-song had flourished in Germany in the twelfth and thirteenth, partly still in the fourteenth century. Even in the fifteenth we yet meet with wandering poets ; but they are few and far between ; and the castle-gates generally remain locked to them. The nobles change into robber knights. The chase, plundering expeditions, petty feuds, and gross carousals, are now their only occupations. The Empire is distracted and convulsed by the aristocratic leagues of the 'Cudgellers' (*Bengeler*), the 'Grim Lions,' and other brigand associations of the nobility. Meanwhile, in the towns, a new power rises. There, a spirit of freedom makes its way ; there, trade and commerce expand ; a lofty architecture combines with the development of the pictorial art. In the towns, therefore, Poetry also takes its refuge. The lyre is little heard now in the courts and the castles ; the bardic guilds are henceforth established in the cities.

The transition is a gradual one. The old poetical forms remain at first the same as before : the Master-song is, as it were, evolved from the Troubadour song, and appears, at least in the beginning, so mixed up with the latter that in some cases it is impossible to make a distinct classification one way or the other. Even as in nature there is no abrupt break in the forms of life, so also on the domain of intellectual development. The lines of division are generally less marked in reality than we assume them to be for the sake of finding our way through the maze of multiform phenomena. Epic poetry is, through a process of condensation, evolved from the ballad form, and gradually dissolves again into the latter. The drama arises from the lyric strophe and antistrophe. Chivalric poetry in Germany takes its rise from a previous popular and monkish literature. The master-song, too, sprouts up from the ancient stem : a later blossom, of less fragrancy, amidst the shed leaves of the decaying minne-song. On the emblematic *meistertafel* at Nuremberg, the Rose Garden was depicted in which the errant chivalry once sang ; and Hans Sachs, in the sixteenth century, still composed many of his lays on the melodies of Walter von der Vogelweide and other troubadours.

Generally, Oswald von Wolkenstein and Hugo von Montfort are regarded as the last representatives of the Minne-song ; Muscatblüt and Michael Beheim, who lived at the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteen centuries, as the chief precursors of the Master-song. Wolkenstein and Muscatblüt are the more important of the four. Their poetical character, it seems to me, is almost invariably indicated in the wrong way, even in standard works like those by Gervinus and Vilmar. Both these eminent historians of our literature reckon Oswald

von Wolkenstein among those who once more raised the old troubadour song, while they accuse Muscatblüt of affectation and triviality. I consider this statement a very unwarranted one. The opinion of Gervinus that Muscatblüt was 'as far from the breath of free nature as his artificial tone is from the artless strophes of Montfort,' can at most be applied to his Lays on The Virgin Mary. In them we meet with a complicated versification, an affected rhyme, an offensive superabundance of imagery. Still, it ought not to be forgotten that even in this he kept within the taste of his time. On the other hand we frequently find in his productions a wealth of sentiment, rendered in such simple words that it is not too much to say that some of his poems may be placed at the side of the best of all times and nations.

Who has not admired Gretchen's Song at the Spinning Wheel as a true master-piece? On looking more closely, we meet, in ancient German literature, poems coming so near to it that we may assume without disrespect that Goethe, who had studied the old Faust plays and borrowed much from them, had also embodied many a lyric jewel of that time in his dramatic treasure. Has not Gretchen's plaint: 'My peace is gone, my heart is sore' a striking affinity to a poem by Muscatblüt,¹ in which a lover thus pours forth his grief:

Herz, Muth und Sinn
Sehnt sich dahin,
Wo meine Gewalt
So mannigfalt
Sich ganz hat hingekehret.
Mein freier Will'
Ist worden still;
Mein stäter Muth
Mich trau'ren thut:
Mein Herz ist ganz versehret.

I fear it will be found impossible to render in English the pathetic simplicity of these quaint lines. The following² gives, however, some idea of the poet's power:

With grief o'erborne,
And anguish-torn,
My soul and heart
Would fain depart
Where each sad thought a captive dwells.
My once free will
Is quelled and still;
My constant breast
By woe oppressed;
My heart with hopeless mis'ry swells.

¹ I give it but slightly changed in orthography, so as to render it more accessible to the student of modern German.

² I am indebted for this version, as well as for one or two others, to the kindness of a friend, Miss Garnett.

Somewhat in the tone of the popular Parting-songs (*Scheidelieder*), but at the same time reminding one of Gretchen's : 'Ach neige, du Schmerzreiche,' are the following passages in the same poem by Muscatblüt :

Ach Gott, erkenn,
Warum und wenn
Ich sehnender Mann
Verdienet han,
Dass ich muss von ihr scheiden
Dass Lieb' mit Leid
Von Liebe scheid',
Das heisst doch wohl ein Leiden.
Denn Lieb ohne Leid nicht kann sein ;
Lieb' bringet Pein,
So Mann und Weib
Mit betrübtem Leib
Hie von einander scheiden.

Wie möcht mein Herz
In solchem Schmerz
Fröhlich sein,
Dass ich die Reine
Soll ewiglich vermeiden.
Ach, Scheiden, dass du je wardst erdacht ;
Scheiden thut mich kränken.
Scheiden hat mich zu Sorgen gebracht,
Thut Muscatblüt bedenken.
Scheiden hat mich
Gemachet siech ;
Scheiden will mich verderben.
Daran gedenk', traut selig Weib !

Is there a want of natural truthfulness, a want of deep feeling, in this ? Undoubtedly Gervinus' *Geschichte der Deutschen Dichtung* has rendered great service by showing the intimate connexion between the political and the intellectual life of the nation. But Gervinus has not, to my knowledge, made very profound studies in our ancient writers. I am afraid that in the case of Muscatblüt he rendered his verdict off-hand, without being intimately acquainted with the subject. The same might be said with regard to the judgment he passed on Wolkenstein—again a most erroneous one, giving a false notion both of Wolkenstein's particular bent and of his general capabilities.

In saying this, I am surely far from endeavouring unduly to raise Muscatblüt, the commoner, above Wolkenstein, the knight. Muscatblüt certainly does not attract our sympathies by anything else than his lyric merits. Whilst Walter von der Vogelweide boldly denounces papal tyranny and priestly arrogance with a truly reformatory energy, Muscatblüt, the precursor of the Master-song, combines a voluptuous Mariolatry

with an ardent hatred against all reformatory aspirations, for instance, of the Hussites. It is true, the Czechian movement in Bohemia, even at that time, created already much bitterness in Germany on national and political grounds; and John Huss, besides being a reformer, was a representative of this Czechian, anti-German movement. But Muscatblüt attacked the memory of Huss on Church grounds, giving his assent in rather a brutal manner to the fiendish act of the inquisitorial assembly at Constance. With an allusion to the name of the Bohemian leader, which in Czechian signifies 'goose,' he exclaimed: 'There is yet many an unroasted gosling to be examined!' 'To examine,' in those days, was the technical term for 'putting on the rack!'

Altogether, some of the fore-runners of the Master-singer school were rather characterised by this dark spirit of opposition to the reformatory movement, which was strongly coming up long before Luther. However, at Augsburg, about the middle of the fifteenth century, we already find considerable enlightenment among the master-singer school there; for, in a reactionary satire against the boldness of the towns, which dates from that time, there is the following ironical praise of Augsburg:

Augsburg hat einen weisen Rath;
 Das sieht man an ihrer kecken That
 Im Singen, Dichten und Klaffen.
 Sie haben errichtet eine Singschul,
 Und setzen oben auf den Stuhl
 Den, der übel redt von den Pfaffen.

Thus, heretical views already were a recommendation, in 1450, for the position of chairman among the civic bards of that free town. That was before Luther was born! We here see the beginning of that Protestant movement which afterwards became a very law to the master-singers; the Bible, in opposition to the legendary cycle of the Catholic Church, serving them as a text-book and a guide in their poetical productions.

Michael Beheim, that other precursor of the Meister-singer school, was one of the last wandering poets who tried their luck by singing at courts. He however met with many rebuffs, and then, ill-humoured and full of anger against those who would not be his patrons, broke out into pungent satires against the princes and the nobility. In this he certainly was far from representing in any way the character of the later meister-singer who never asked for princely or aristocratic favour, much less for pecuniary reward from courts. Following their trade for a livelihood, they sought in poetry, so far as they understood it, merely a satisfaction for the mind and the heart, endeavouring to render their 'schools' a means of raising the intellectual and moral standard of their own class and of the popular classes in general. As to Beheim's effu-

sions, they were rather of that artificial and somewhat tasteless style which Gervinus wrongly attributes to Muscatblüt. Yet it must not be forgotten that even in such stiff and strangely-set devices as we meet with, for instance, in his praise of a lady, who is said to be—

ein Balsamgarten	rein,
Der Lilien ein	Stengel,
Violensprengel,	Ros',
Und auch Zeitlos,'	Blum',
Der Seligkeit Ruhm,	Güte,
Maienblüthe,	des Sommers Zier—

he is not too far removed from some troubadour prototypes.

On the contrary, how distant, in spirit and tone, is Oscar von Wolkenstein from the Minne-poets, whilst yet it has been said of him that he had continued the old chivalric song! I, for my part, cannot conceive a more erroneous judgment. A few songs of a more delicate nature there are no doubt to be found in Wolkenstein, who is a queer mixture of a venturesome, heroic *ritter*, of a Don Quixote, and of a Sancho Pansa. But the bulk of his poems, which fill a goodly volume, is surely not of the nobler troubadour kind. His dancing songs especially are of a broad-grinning comicality. There is a boorish bacchanalianism in them which sometimes verges upon satyr-like grossness, or seeks relief in mere senseless outcries. What could be less like a minnesong than the poem which begins with the words 'Mine host, we feel a jolly thirst,' and in which one of the tamest verses, utterly untranslatable in their unbridled hop-and-jump wildness, runs thus :

Pfeifauf, Heinzel, Lippel, Jäckel!
 Frisch, froh, frei! Frisch, froh, frei! Frisch, froh, frei!
 Zweit euch; rührt euch; schnurra bäckel!
 Hans, Luzei! Kunz, Katrei! Benz, Clarei!
 Spring kälbrisch drunter, Jäckel!
 Ju hei hei! Ju hei! hei! Ju hei hei!

Or take the following bit of a nonsensical jumble of words! Barring two or three lines, no meaning can be detected in them, except a fierce animalism that breaks out into a rapid utterance of inarticulate cries:—

Da zysly, musly,
 fysly, fusly,
 henne, klusly,
 kumbt in's husly,
 werffen ain tusly,
 susa, susly,
 negena grusly
 well wir sicher han.

Clerly, metzly,
 elly, ketzly,
 thuont ein setzly,
 richt eur letzli,
 tula hetzly,
 trutza tretzly,
 vacht das retzly,
 der uns freud vergan.

Unless I greatly err, the minne-singers had a somewhat different style.

In other poems, Wolkenstein, who on his adventurous expeditions in Europe, Asia, and Africa, had become something of a linguist in a rather unscientific sense, heaps together, in the absurdest manner, odds and ends of various languages, so as to produce a perfect maze of gibberish. A few biographical notes on this vagabond freelance, to whom in all histories of our literature a totally wrong place is assigned, may perhaps prove of interest; the more so because in his character there is such an eccentric medley of the old and the beginning modern time, a mixture of chivalry and of very Nether-Dutch 'popular' ways and manners.

He was a Tyrolese by birth, and lived between 1354 and 1423. As a boy, he lost an eye by a shot; but with his other eye he peered only the more deeply into the romantic 'ritter' literature of his time. At the age of ten he left his father's castle, in order to participate in a crusade against the heathen Slavonians in Prussia. His parents let him depart without much ado; for his support they handed him three-farthings and a piece of bread. On the march he gained his livelihood as a groom. At night the roystering boy slept in a stable-corner, or covered by the starry canopy. For eight years he served as a common baggage-boy, went through Prussia, Lithuania, Poland, Red Russia; became a captive, was almost mortally wounded, went to Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Flanders, England, Scotland, Ireland, mostly serving—in what later became the lansquenet character—in various armies and countries. In the company of German merchants he went through Poland to the shores of the Black Sea, and into the Crimea; became a cook on board ship, then a common boatswain; saw Armenia and Persia; sailed, again as a ship's cook, to Candia; took part in an expedition against the Turks; fled from a lost battle, wandering through Dalmatia, and returning to the Tyrol. At the age of twenty-five, his hair had become grey; his face was deeply furrowed; but he had learnt no less than ten languages.

When he resolved to marry, he met with a tragi-comic misfortune. Wooing a certain Sabina Jäger, a citizen's daughter, he was told by her

that, to prove his true love, he ought, as a first chivalric duty, to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Which he did; but on returning he found Sabina Jäger married! Later he turns up in the struggles of the Tyrolese nobles against the dukes in Austria; then again in Spain, Holland, England, Portugal; in a crusade against the Moors; afterwards as a wandering singer in the Moorish Kingdom of Granada and in the Provence. Meanwhile his castles had been burnt down; still, immediately afterwards, he celebrates a marriage. But his former love, Sabina aforesaid, who now resided at the Court of Innsbruck, allures him to a rendezvous under the pretext of a pilgrimage; and as Don Quixote Wolkenstein unsuspectingly meets her, she has him captured and bound, in order to extort from him a ransom of six thousand gulden. The iron fetters which the false fair one imposed upon him, made him a cripple for life; nevertheless, after the death of his wife, we see him once more in the field, and once more in captivity. For a long time he pines in a loathsome dungeon. On issuing from it, he marries again! Then he goes to war against the Hussites. But at last he can move neither foot, nor arm; neither walk, nor stand; and thus he dies an inglorious death from dropsy. In the wars in which he played a part, he always kept on the losing side—a born bird of ill-luck. Even after his death, there was an evil star shining over his remains; for on the church, near which he was buried, being rebuilt, his tomb-stone became accidentally transposed, and the whereabouts of his burial-place were forgotten.

Such was the chequered career of the strange man who erroneously is represented as one of the last 'Minne' poets, but whose lays generally resemble the troubadour style as much as a broom-stick does a forget-me-not.

However, Wolkenstein, as a poet, does not stand alone in this exuberant hilarity. Between Minne and Meister-song, we find a third element interposing at that time—an element of gross joviality, which, strange to say, makes its appearance even on clerical ground. This peculiar phenomenon is to be observed in many spiritual Church poems of the fifteenth century. Whilst the Minne-singer, when they yielded to religious enthusiasm, exhibit a melancholy, brooding mood, a mystically ardent adherence to sacred traditions; whilst the Meister-singer, about the time of Hans Sachs, are characterised by a profound but quiet profession of faith, there is, in that age of transition when the Master-song only begins to rise, a certain hilarious form of spiritual poetry.

Many of those clerical poems sound almost like a student's *Gaudeamus igitur*. Were it not known that they are Church songs, they might be mistaken for satires against the clergy. The mixture of Latin and

German, in itself not unapt to produce a risible effect, is very much used in those poems :

In dulci jubilo—
 Nun singet und seid froh!
 All unsre Wonne
 Liegt in praeseptio;
 Sie leuchtet mehr als die Sonne
 Matris in gremio;
 Qui est A et O,
 Qui est A et O!

O Jesu parvule,
 Nach dir ist mir weh!
 Tröst' mir mein Gemüthe,
 O puer optime,
 Durch aller Jungfrau'n Güte,
 O princeps gloriae,
 Trahe me post te!
 Trahe me post te!

Mater et filia
 Ist Jungfrau Maria.
 Wir waren gar verdorben
 Per nostra crimina:
 Nun hat sie uns erworben
 Coelorum gaudia.
 Quanta gratia!
 Quanta gratia!

Ubi sunt gaudia?
 Wo die Engel singen
 Nova cantica,
 Und die Glöcklein klingen
 In regis curia.
 Eia, qualia!
 Eia, qualia!

This, surely, is not a very austere triumphal song on the birth of the Saviour. A clerical May-song in honour of the Thorn-crowned is also extant, in which the faithful are invited to assemble under the Tree of the Cross :

Unter des Kreuzes Aste,
 Da schenkt man Cyperwein;
 Maria ist die Kellnerin,
 Die Engel schenken ein;
 Da sollen die lieben Seelen
 Von Minne trunken sein.

Under the branches of the Cross
 Is poured forth Cyprus wine ;
 Maria bears the goblet round,
 The angels pour the wine ;
 There all dear souls shall drunken be
 With juice of Love's own vine.

In the 'Bath-Song,' another clerical lay, the pilgrimage of the faithful to the Saviour is literally described as a journey to a Spa, nay as a voyage to Baden-Baden. Even the effect of the water, the bleeding necessary for the cure, and other mundane matters, are strangely mixed up with the religious subject. The five introductory verses run thus :

Wohlauf ! im Geist gen Baden,
 Ihr zarten Fräulein ;
 Dahin hat uns geladen
 Jesus der Herre mein.

Hie quillt der Gnaden Bronnen,
 Der Freuden Morgenröth' ;
 Da glänzt die ewige Sonne,
 Und alles Leid zergeht.

Da hört man süß erklingen
 Der Vögelein Getön,
 Und auch die Engelein singen
 Ihre Melodie gar schön.

Da führt Jesus den Tanz
 Mit aller Mädchen Schaar ;
 Da ist die Liebe ganz
 Ohn' alles Ende gar.

Da ist ein lieblich Kosen ¹ ,
 Und Lachen immermehr ;
 Da kann die Seel' hofiren
 Mit Freuden ohn' alles Weh !

The following I believe to be a fair translation :—

Up ! haste to the Baden spring,
 Ye tender maidens fair !
 Jesus, our Lord and King,
 Himself invites us there.

The well of grace supernal,
 Joy's rosy dawn is there ;
 There shines a sun eternal—
 Banished are pain and care.

¹ *Smiren*, in the old text.

There soundeth, sweetly singing,
Of birds the harmony ;
There angels' voices are ringing
Celestial melody.

There the Lord doth lead the measure
'Mid troops of damsels bright';
And there the heavenly pleasure
Of love is infinite.

There caresses sweet are given,
And unending laughter is heard ;
There the souls may go a-courting,
With gladness undeterred.

And let it not be too hastily assumed that in these extraordinary verses, which partake so strongly of the erotic character and even of the erotic terminology, the spirit of the later pietists, or 'Mucker,' is already visible. On the contrary, strange as it may seem, the probability rather is that this Bath-song, which describes the well, the dawn, the crowd of young girls, and the chirping of the feathered songsters in a region where all grief ceases, is a dim echo of the worship of the Germanic Goddess of Love, whose place, after the introduction of Christianity, was occupied by the Virgin Mary. In the Freia myth also, we have the well of eternal rejuvenation—the rosy dawn which everlastingly pervades the region of this goddess—the crowd of children that move joyously on a flowery meadow filled with the song of birds ; in short, the whole outer structure of a legend in which afterwards only names were changed.

In this way, ancient Germanic paganism, with its mystic poetical charms, once more flickers up from beneath the Roman Catholic integument, ere the *Meister-singer* intone the sadly serious chaunts of the 'Haupt voll Blut und Wunden':

O sacred Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn !

THE MONSTER DIAMOND

A TALE OF THE PENAL COLONY OF WEST AUSTRALIA.

BY J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

'I'll have it, I tell you! Curse you—there!'

The long knife glittered, was sheathed, and was bare.

The sawyer staggered, and tript, and fell,

And falling, he uttered a frightened yell;

His face to the sky, he shuddered and gasped,

And tried to put from him the man he had grasped

A moment before in the terrible strife.

'I'll have it, I tell you, or have your life—

Where is it?' The sawyer grew weak, but still

His brown face gleamed with a desperate will.

'Where is it?' he heard, and the red knife's drip

In his slayer's hand, fell down on his lip;

'Will you give it?' 'Never!' A curse—the knife

Was raised and buried.

Thus closed the life

Of Samuel Jones, known as 'Number Ten'

On his Ticket-of-Leave, and of all the men

In the Western Colony, bond or free,

None had manlier heart or hand than he.

In digging a sawpit, while all alone,—

For his mate was sleeping,—Sam struck a stone

With the edge of the spade, and it gleamed like fire,

And looked at Sam from its bed in the mire,

Till he dropped the spade and stooped and raised

The wonderful stone that glitter'd and blazed

As if it were mad at the spade's rude blow;

But its blaze set the sawyer's heart aglow,

As he looked and trembled, then turned him round,
And crept from the pit, and lay on the ground,
Looking over the mould-heap at the camp
Where his mate still slept ; then down to the swamp
He ran with the stone, and washed it bright,
And felt like a drunken man at the sight
Of a diamond pure as spring-water and sun,
And larger than ever man's eyes looked on !

Then down sat Sam with the stone on his knees,
And fancies came to him like swarms of bees
To a sugar-creamed hive, and he dreamed awake
Of the carriage and four in which he'd take
His pals from the Dials to Drury Lane,
The silks and the satins for Susan Jane,
The countless bottles of brandy and beer
He'd call for and pay for, and every year
The dinner he'd give to the Brummagem lads—
He'd be king among cracksmen and chief among pads.
And he'd sport a ——

Over him stooped his mate,
A pick in his hand, and his face all hate.
Sam saw the shadow, and guessed the pick,
And closed his dream with a spring so quick
The purpose was baffled of Aaron Mace,
And the sawyer mates stood face to face.
Sam folded his arms across his chest,
Having thrust the stone in his loose shirt-breast,
While he tried to think where he dropped the spade ;
But Aaron Mace wore a long keen blade
In his belt,—he drew it,—sprang on his man—
What happened you read when the tale began.

Then he looked—the murderer—Aaron Mace
At the grey-blue lines in the dead man's face ;
And he turned away, for he feared its frown
More in death than life. Then he knelt him down—
Not to pray—but he shrank from the staring eyes,
And felt in the breast for the fatal prize.
And this was the man, and this was the way,
That he took the stone on its natal day ;
And for this he was cursed for evermore
By the West Australian Koh-i-noor.

In the half-dug pit the corpse was thrown,
And the murderer stood in the camp alone.
Alone? No, no; never more was he
To part from the terrible company
Of that grey-blue face and the bleeding breast,
And the staring eyes in their awful rest.
The evening closed on the homicide,
And the blood of the buried sawyer cried
Through the night to God, and the shadows dark
That crossed the camp had the stiff and stark
And horrible look of a murdered man!

Then he piled the fire, and crept within
The ring of its light that closed him in
Like tender mercy, and drove away
For a time the spectres that stood at bay
And waited to clutch him as demons wait,
Shut out from the sinner by Faith's bright gate.
But the fire burnt low, and the slayer slept,
And the key of his sleep was always kept
By the leaden hand of him he had slain,
That ope'd the door but to drench the brain
With agony cruel: the night wind crept
Like a snake on the shuddering form that slept,
And dreamt, and woke, and shrieked, for there,
With its grey-blue lines and its ghastly stare,
Cutting into the vitals of Aaron Mace,
In the flickering light, was the sawyer's face!

Evermore 'twas woe with him, that dismal sight—
The white face set in the frame of night.
He wandered away from the spot, but found
No inch of the West Australian ground
Where he could hide from the bleeding breast,
Or sink his head in a dreamless rest.

And always with him he bore the prize
In a pouch of leather: the staring eyes
Might turn his soul, but the diamond's gleam
Was solace and joy for the haunted dream.
So years rolled on, while the murderer's mind
Was bent on a futile quest—to find
A way of escape from the blood-stained soil,
And the terrible wear of the penal toil.

But this was a part of the diamond's curse,—
The toil that was heavy before grew worse,
Till the panting wretch in his fierce unrest
Would clutch the pouch as it lay on his breast,
And waking, cower, with sob and moan,
Or shriek wild curses against the stone,
That was only a stone,—for he could not sell,
And he dare not break, and he feared to tell
Of his wealth: so he bore it through hopes and fears,—
His God and his devil—for years and years.

And thus did he draw near the end of his race,
With form bent double and horror-lined face,
And a piteous look, as if asking for grace
Or for kindness from someone: but no kind word
Was flung to his misery: shunned, abhorred,
E'en by wretches themselves, till his life was a curse,
And he thought that e'en death could bring nothing worse
Than the phantoms that stirred at the diamond's weight,—
His own life's ghost and the ghost of his mate.

So he turned one day from the haunts of men,
And their friendless faces: an old man then
In a convict's garb, with white flowing hair,
And a brow seared deep with the word 'Despair.'
He gazed not back as his way he took
To the untrod forest; and O, the look,
The piteous look in his sunken eyes,
Told that life was the bitterest sacrifice.

But little was heard of his later days:
'Twas deemed in the West that he changed his ways,
And tried with his tears to wash out his sin.
'Twas told by some natives who once came in
From the Kojonup Hills, that lonely there
They saw a figure with long white hair;
They camped close by where his hut was made
And were scared at night when they saw he prayed
To the white man's God; and on one wild night
They had heard his voice till the morning light.

Years passed, and a sandalwood-cutter stood
At a ruined hut in a Kojonup wood.
The rank weeds covered the desolate floor,
An ant-hill stood on the fallen door,

The cupboard within to the snakes was loot,
And the hearth was the home of the bandicoot.
But neither at hut, nor snake, nor rat,
Was the woodcutter staring so fixed, but at
A human skeleton clad in grey,
The hands clasped over the breast, as they
Had fallen in peace when he ceased to pray.

As the bushman looked on the form, he saw
In the breast a paper ; he stooped to draw
What might tell the story, but at his touch
From under the hands rolled a leathern pouch,
And he raised it too : on the paper's face
He read 'Ticket-of-Leave of Aaron Mace.'
He opened the pouch, and in dazed surprise
At its strange contents, he unblessed his eyes—
'Twas a lump of quartz, a pound weight in full,
And it fell from his hand on the skeleton's skull.

ANNEXATION; THE LOOSHAI COUNTRY, AND OUR NORTH EASTERN FRONTIER.

BY COLONEL W. F. B. LAURIE,

AUTHOR OF 'A NARRATIVE OF THE SECOND BURMESE WAR.'

ANNEXATION we believe to be not popular in England. We can ill spare the sixty thousand European troops so necessary to keep the immense extent of Indian territory we already possess in security and order. How, then, can we expect to manage a still further increase of our splendid dominion? To those unacquainted with India, and the Asiatic character, the reply is simple and easy enough; and 'Down with annexation!' is therefore the cry of a large party of intelligent men at home. But the statesman who weighs deeply the present and future interests of British India must found his philosophy on more sound principles than those of the mere shallow observer. He must first ask himself the question, Are the countries or provinces which the Marquis of Dalhousie annexed more happy and secure and prosperous now, than they would have been if kept under native rule? We declare, without hesitation, that they are; and, in every respect, that they have derived vast benefit from our wise and just administration. We do not for a moment believe that the annexations effected by the great Pro-consul inspired the natives of the countries annexed with a 'settled mistrust:' the ruling powers alone in them felt aggrieved for the time; but humanity and civilisation have derived every advantage from our prompt action, for which millions of human beings now bless us, and will continue to bless us in generations yet unborn. The first great annexation in our time was the Punjab.¹ The Sikh invasion of British India—the next serious open attack on our power on record—might have been repeated if we had not annexed the country; and only let us imagine

¹ March, 1849.

what would have been the consequences if such a determined invasion, made by such brave troops, had accompanied the mutiny of 1857! Annexation clearly saved us in the north-west from such a catastrophe; and, beyond a doubt, a Burman or other invasion of our north-eastern frontier was averted by the well-timed conquest and annexation of Pegu. People talk and write of the 'royalty and aristocracy of India,' but do many of them exactly know the meaning of such grand expressions? They shudder at the very thought of the destruction of native rule; but what, throughout Indian history, does native rule mean? Does it not generally imply a system of inhumanity, injustice, and vile oppression? With every respect for Mr. Torrens, and his most interesting work,¹ after nearly thirty years knowledge of India and study of Indian affairs, we do not conscientiously think that what we have done on the whole, looks bad in the sight of heaven. It is idle to look back to the days of Warren Hastings. Whatever may have been the faults of that great ruler of India—faults strongly set forth by the eloquence of Burke and Sheridan—he at least consolidated the empire which Clive had conquered, paved the way for the conciliating policy of the Marquis Wellesley, and the energetic action of Lord Dalhousie. If there had been no annexations we would have had no empire. 'Discontent and dissatisfaction,' and 'political danger' must ever threaten the glory of all mundane monarchies and governments. Are England and Ireland exempt from them? How then can India escape? 'Look on this picture, and on this!' Look at Pegu under the just and beneficent administration of such men as Sir Arthur Phayre and General Fytche, and at the province under the former cruel governors appointed by the King of Ava! The very nature of their government prevented these cruel Burmese oppressors to poor humanity from conducing at all to the happiness or prosperity of a country. To give the reader some idea of how matters went on under the old rule, it may be stated that on one occasion the Viceroy of Pegu, who had been recently elevated by the king to an equality with himself, was suddenly deprived of all his dignities, and ordered up to Court with a chain round his neck. The charges against him were that opium had been smoked and spirits drunk by the troops, and, that being too lenient, he had taken off few or no heads since his arrival at Rangoon. A very short time before, this mild person, now accused of too much lenity, had ordered twelve men, women, and children, who had deserted from him to an obnoxious rival, to be ripped up, the execution of which sentence was only prevented by the urgent entreaties of the British Envoy. The province was in a most deplorable condition; and we are not surprised to read that, two years later, the

¹ 'Empire in Asia. How we came by it: a Book of Confessions.' By W. M. Torrens, M.P., 1872.

Viceroy of Pegu 'monopolized the supply of coffins!' The sparseness of population in Burmah has been attributed, in part, to the cruelties exercised long before our rule, towards the inhabitants. Through the jealousies of the king, high functionaries were sometimes ordered to be hacked in pieces, and hundreds of his subjects were ordered for execution. On one particular occasion, at the capital, thirty men, women, and children were burned, and beat to death with bamboos. The Pegu governors were, doubtless, ordered to follow this example if necessary. Again, the historian informs us that the condition of the interior of Ava (*i.e.*, Burmah), became equally deplorable with that of the river banks; villages and towns were everywhere deserted, robbers and insurgents ranged over the country, and many of the harassed inhabitants, 'at the risk of their lives, openly expressed their wishes, that the English would either take their country, or allow them to migrate to Bengal.'

Doubtless, the miseries of the Burmese and Peguese (or Peguers) continued in full force till Lord Dalhousie, when forbearance could be exercised no longer, from insults offered to our flag, ordered the expedition to Burmah; and from what we learned at the capture of Rangoon, cruelties had been very recently exercised quite in keeping with the demon-work of thirty or forty years before. At the end of 1852 the Pegu province was annexed; and now justice began to breathe, and civilisation to be fairly born. The fostering hand of Great Britain had come to put an end to the unseen wretchedness which abounded in a province larger than Belgium, and the noble errand had been entrusted to us of reclaiming a fair and fertile Eastern land 'from the wastes of dark and fallen humanity.'

Nearly twenty years have now closed over the glorious work; and no wonder that the much-lamented Viceroy, Lord Mayo, when in Burmah in January last, told the Burmese community at Rangoon, in his own admirable manner, that Arracan, Pegu, and Tenasserim were British, 'And BRITISH THEY WILL REMAIN FOR MANY GENERATIONS OF MEN. We govern,' continued the viceroy, 'in order that you should live in peace, prosperity and happiness—that you should be free to come and go—that whatever you possess should be secure, that all your rights should be preserved, and your national customs and habits respected.' Anything more eloquent or more wise could not have been uttered by a statesman. About our keeping the provinces strongly reminds us of Lord Dalhousie's famous reply to the Burmese Envoy, in Government House, Calcutta, at a parting interview, on the 23rd of December, 1854. That wily *woon* (minister) proclaimed, through the Chief Commissioner (Sir A. P. Phayre), that he had come by command of the King of Ava, to seek restitution of the whole of the captured provinces in Burmah!

The Pro-Consul stood calm and collected. The admirable Interpreter looked surprised, but was immediately furnished by the Governor-General with an answer to this cool request: 'TELL THEM, THAT AS LONG AS THE SUN SHINES IN THE HEAVENS, THE BRITISH FLAG SHALL WAVE OVER THOSE POSSESSIONS!'

But, with its many advantages, the conquest of Pegu, or say lower Burmah, or the Delta of the Irrawaddy, has entailed on us two political difficulties; one of which, since the Looshai campaign has terminated, can now be removed; and the other, should there be war in Upper Burmah, can hereafter be removed at our discretion. These two difficulties are, first, the utter impossibility of preserving a lasting peace on our north-eastern frontier of Bengal, or we may say, our present eastern frontier of India, without extending our boundary line to all along the western confines of Upper Burmah, although, having taken the finest or southern part of his empire, it might look to the suspicious and wily Golden Foot of Ava as if we were anxious to 'do business' in the north. And next, our possession of Pegu entails upon us the necessity of interfering in the event of war, which is now apprehended in Upper Burmah, by recent news from the predictions of native astrologers, and which would appear probable from the later intelligence of an outbreak of disturbances on the frontier districts. Our difficulty here is not lessened by a knowledge of the fact from Mandalay, that in order to put down these disturbances, and perhaps be able to resist the Chinese, the Russians, or the English, the King of Burmah is 'very anxious to arm his soldiers with rifles, and obtain rifled cannon.' But, as regards our north-eastern and eastern frontier of India, there can be no doubt that security from raids or invasion cannot be expected till we extend our boundary line to, or subjugate the whole of Upper Burmah. The former seems the easier plan at present. And here, out of justice to Lord Dalhousie, we may remark that on every principle his Lordship seemed to deprecate the entire subjugation of the Burmese Empire. He thought it neither worth the trouble nor the expense. 'The King of Ava's crown is one of tinsel, and will secure its own downfall.' The glory of the dynasty of Alempyer, come what may, is on the eve of departing for ever. We may some day be solicited by numerous unknown tribes to go forth and spread the light of civilisation among them.¹ Such were among the thoughts which entered the present writer's mind while narrating the Governor-General's policy nearly twenty years ago. No one acquainted with the people will deny that treaties, overtures, and subjugation in Chin-India, and the countries bordering thereon, are not worth much; and we may be excused at the present time, when several high chiefs (Looshai) have made promises for the future, and sworn alle-

¹ 'Pegu; a Narrative of the Second Burmese War.' Page 326.

giance to our power, for quoting the words of Lord Dalhousie on this subject, with reference to the Golden Foot: 'I hold a treaty of any kind with the Burmese to be so valueless that the conclusion of one would not induce me to keep one regiment less in Pegu than if there were no treaty.' And we must also give the finest passage in the famous Minute of 3rd November, 1852, where the noble marquis, contenting himself at that time with the annexation of Pegu, by which we hold in the easy grasp of our hand 'the kernel of the Burman Empire,' remarks: 'But after all, peace cannot be procured by authority short of the conquest of Burmah;—if the lapse of time and the course of events shall establish a real necessity for advance, then let us advance.' Surely the strongest opponents of annexation, and even such able writers as Mr. Torrens, will admit the consummate wisdom of such a course.

The anti-annexation class in England, no doubt, at heart, do not wish their country to be outrun in the race for universal empire by either Germany or Russia; and yet they would seem to draw upon themselves the application of Lady Macbeth's well-known lines on the Thane's nature:—

"What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win."

There is no other way than that we have been adopting in the east, and will be compelled always to be ready to adopt, for the extinction of brutal savagery, and the firm planting of true civilisation! From the assassination of one of India's most energetic and popular Viceroys at Port Blair (Andamans), on the 8th of February, of this year, a melancholy interest attaches to the following paragraph in the present writer's 'Papers on Burmah,' published two years ago: 'At the beginning of March, 1870, General Fytche had taken back with him Lord Mayo's reply to a Rangoon address. His Excellency declared the growing prosperity of British Burmah to be specially interesting to him, and promised a visit to the province as soon as public duty would permit. Doubtless, such a visit would greatly tend to facilitate the discussions on the necessities of Burmah in the Executive Council of Calcutta. It was truly remarked that, since Lord Dalhousie's time, no Governor-General had visited Pegu.'

The present writer well recollects the apparent pride with which the great Pro-Consul walked round the upper terrace of the far-famed pagoda at Rangoon (His Lordship arrived on the 27th July, 1852), while our fine artillery companies were drawn up, having put on their best appearance to do him honour. ['I wonder how your men got in here with such defences,' remarked the Governor-General.] The visit was productive of immense benefit to Burmah. Lord Dalhousie, few will

deny, could see through men, even the wily Burmese; and he looked into and enquired about everything. . . . What a pity he did not live to behold 'the ultimate fate' of the country in which he took the deepest interest, and which may be fairly considered his 'pet' Annexation! There cannot be the slightest doubt that Rangoon is making, day by day, rapid strides towards becoming a Liverpool, or a Glasgow in the east; when the trade route up the Irrawaddy—the main artery of Burmah—to south-western China, and another between India and China, at once open to us a traffic with fifty millions of the most flourishing and active inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, bringing them within three or four weeks' reach of Calcutta, and greatly lessening the time and danger in bringing Chinese products by the Eastern seaboard, the conquest of Pegu will be considered one of our grandest national triumphs. And should we be compelled to make Upper Burmah follow, it will be another triumph. And would not all these steps for the better be the result of Annexation?

We must now touch briefly on the people and country, no longer unknown to us, from the Looshai campaign of the last two or three months. The Kookies or subjects of the chiefs, who alone are the real Looshais, occupy the region of the Barak and Koompty rivers, bordered indistinctly by Cachar and Tipperah on the west, Chittagong on the south-west, and Burmah on the south-east. They are said to be divided into at least ten tribes, and the desperate raids from time to time made by these wild plunderers on our north-eastern frontier, gave just cause for sending an expedition against them.¹ The country is, by all accounts, strikingly picturesque—hill and jungle, frequently relieved by beautiful plains, as in Burmah. The people are said in general to neglect agriculture, and depend on the game and fruits of the forest. The varieties of the human race in and about this quarter are truly wonderful. Will it be believed that there are supposed to be twenty-six races of people in what was the former Burman empire, and eighty in the immediate vicinity, making a hundred and six; and it is also asserted that further investigation in these regions will discover other tribes, exclusive of the territories of the Grand Lama, where it is said we should enrol some sixteen or twenty tribes and dialects more. The country of the Kookies (or Looshais), then, occupying the mountainous districts on the confines of Tipperah and Chittagong, whence they spread over an extensive space northward and eastward, having been carefully surveyed, might be used as the base for bringing all the surrounding tribes gradually under our rule, from the foot of the Himalayas or the Brahmapootra, in Upper Assam.

¹ Like the Burmese, the Kookies are stout, and generally fairer than the Bengalese, with Tartar features. Like the rest of the Mongolian variety they are very active and enduring.

skirting the entire upper Burmese country on our east, down to our province of Pegu on the south-east, the whole distance being under ten degrees of latitude. Here we have a splendid eastern boundary line for all India, and before long, through trade with Bhamo and Yunan, chiefly by the noble Irrawaddy and canals, to say nothing of an expected land route, the 400 millions of Buddhistical China would become acquainted with the 200 millions of the land of the Veda and the Koran. The religion of the Cross *must* supplant these, and this may be sooner than we expect. The countries on our present north-eastern frontier comprise Assam, Goalparah, Cossyah, and Jynteah hills, and North and South Cachar. All these are subject to the supreme Government of India, and, except South Cachar, which forms a part of the Dacca division of Bengal, are under the authority of a Commissioner. Assam—which we are glad to hear, like Burmah, is to have a Chief Commissioner—alone covers an area of 22,000 square miles. It is generally a flat country, but bordered on the north, east, and south by mountains of great elevation. The Brahmapootra, with its many streams, intersects Assam in all directions. The country is rich in mineral treasures. In addition to iron and coal, found in the hills and various places north of the Brahmapootra, 'the mountains contain precious stones and silver, and nearly all the streams wash down particles of gold.' To say that the tea-plant grows luxuriantly in Assam is only to state a well-known fact, and no class of men will be more thankful that the Looshais have been punished, and the hope of a secure frontier afforded, than the Assam tea-planters.

Munnipoor, the capital of Cassay, but which is also applied to this mountainous and woody country lying between Bengal and Ava, forms a neutral territory between our frontier and that of Burmah. It was constituted an independent country by the British in 1826, and is now under its own chief and our protection. Munnipoor is in lat. $24^{\circ} 20' N.$, long. $94^{\circ} 30' E.$ The distance that divides Munnipoor from Burmah proper is nearly 300 miles. The routes have been described as insurmountable; but, nevertheless, in the first Burmese war the Burmese poured down their troops on Arracan through the Aeng Pass, and into Cachar through Munnipoor. The Cassayers, who have been our allies in the Looshai campaign, have long been considered good artificers, and used to supply all the gunsmiths of the Burman empire. Being superior to the Burmese in horsemanship they also furnished the only cavalry employed in the former armies of Ava.

In the event of what has been termed by a London journal the 'involuntary annexation' of 'those Looshai hills, wherever they are,' where Generals Brownlow and Bouchier have just been 'wandering,' the Rajah of Munnipoor, with his men, doubtless will ever be ready to do us good service. We think that out of the 131,000 native troops of India—or,

say, out of the 42,000 Madrassis who were so staunch during the mutiny, and who form the native garrisons of Burmah—with a European regiment or two, a select force could be spared for some additional territory, to strengthen our Eastern frontier, and the geographical knowledge gained by the Looshai expedition will greatly tend to facilitate our movements.

A road is already in course of construction between Cachar and Chittagong. Let us now turn for a moment to the south-east of Pegu, keeping Lower Siam and Malaya in our eye. Already we have our boundary line of the Tenasserim provinces skirting the west of the rising kingdom of Siam, whose promising sovereign has emerged from darkness into the marvellous light of western civilisation; and no merchant at Rangoon wishes the destruction of the kingdom of Ava more devoutly than this young king of many names. Like that strange and mysterious race the Shans, by whom he is surrounded, he owes the Burman king a grudge for past injuries received. But even with such boundaries, formed by Upper Burmah and Siam, and leave from 'the exclusives' to work the Menam, or 'mother of waters,' in the latter country, much may be done for the cause of peace and commerce; for, as was recently demonstrated by Commander Manners—echoing the sentiments of the energetic and fearless Sladen—through freely using such rivers as the Salween, the Menam, and the Irrawaddy, the inland commerce from Anam and Siam, as well as Burmah, would be 'most extensive as well as compensating' for India and England. It was recently said that advantage would be taken of the King of Siam's visit to Calcutta, to discuss and arrange with the now lamented Viceroy frontier matters for the benefit of the Tenasserim timber trade. The new Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, may be brought to decide on this question. The merchants and traders of Montmein were distressed at the disordered state of our Upper Salween and Lower Thoungeen borders, and a new state of affairs is hoped for. The King of Siam has now returned to his own country; no doubt with a strong impression of our hospitality, and a good idea of our paramount power. Perhaps the King of Burmah—whom we should have tried to utilise against the Looshai tribes—may yet visit India, and gain similar impressions, and with our Chin-Indian territories, extending along the kingdoms of two such sovereigns as allies, it is probable that the aspect of affairs will improve in their quarter of Asia. We would be better prepared for any schemes hereafter to be attempted by Russia; for northern Burmah is by no means secure from her plan of general aggression in the east. The light steamers recently constructed at Liverpool, for the Golden Foot, of Ava, may or may not have a double meaning attached to them. Two remarkable facts have lately attracted our notice. One is that the Empire of Germany has entered upon the organisation of the Japanese army. The other is that China and Japan,

at the close of last year, entered into a treaty of friendship, the text of which has been published at St. Petersburg. This is significant. Any way, let us look well to our Indian frontiers, which will greatly increase our peace of mind. The cloud which has recently passed over us, some say brought about by 'a conspiracy which works by assassination,' did not prevent an eminent member of the Indian Council from asserting the truth at the farewell Winchester dinner¹ to Lord Northbrook, that 'at the present moment the Indian Empire was in a most flourishing condition.' To keep up this excellent state of things all entrusted with authority must watch and work the more; and if the bright example of a noble and zealous servant of Her Majesty who died in harness is wanted—it will shine forth through many generations in the extraordinary zeal and energy of India's popular and now deeply lamented Viceroy, Lord Mayo. We may say that it is to the illustrious roll of Governors-General we possess that the Englishman owes an Empire which is his chief glory on earth; but he must no longer treat it with his usual apathy and indifference. If he does, others will be planting their firm feet on the banks of the Nile, and thence proceeding to 'his loved India,' will usurp the grand sight yet in store for Great Britain, that of, under our beneficent rule, beholding fanatical Islam and sublimely mystical but useless Hinduism, wither away!

¹ Saturday, March 9th, 1872.

'FROM THE ALTAR TO THE BAR.'

II.

MARRIAGE is the litmus of love. In one's wooing-days it is difficult sometimes to determine whether the compound so often offered to us under the label of 'Affection' contains any acidity or not. But perform the marriage service; pour into the social phial a few drops of the matrimonial litmus, and the true nature of its contents is immediately detected. Alas! which in the present day is found to be the more predominant element—'The acid or the alkali'—Lord Penzance might be able to afford some startling statistics on this interesting question.

There was certainly very little doubt about the matter in my case—a mere type of hundreds of others. Stated plainly, it stood thus: I had some ready-money. The major wanted it. He was twice my own age, but he had position and a good appointment. He cared nothing for me, and I still less for him; but we each possessed qualifications which the other needed. In the absurd belief that the mere attainment of these two objects would thoroughly, or even sufficiently compensate us for the dreary existence we should both pass after the marriage, as far as our own society was concerned, we obeyed the mandate of the time, and married for money and position—but not for love. Abominable corruption of the divine institution that would make a man and woman effect a commercial partnership for their very fireside, ignoring the inevitable consequences of unduly crushing a natural and legitimate affection, and making the fatal mistake, that though money is doubtless indispensable to a happy union, a sincere, deep, heartfelt affection need not be so too.

These, it should be clearly understood, were not my opinions before my marriage. It is only since, that I have been convinced by bitter experience of their truth. What I really felt upon the topic of marriage, when I first became a member of Anglo-Indian Society may be gathered from the following leaves extracted from my diary, which I now resume:

'Gupacamund, October 31st, 1871.

'I must confess that what in my simplicity seemed the almost mercantile manner in which I was led to view my chances of marriage upon rejoining my parents in India, was, to my unsophisticated mind,

somewhat ignominious and offensive in its, to me, moral iconoclasm. Until I left school any conceptions of marriage and married life which might have floated vaguely among my thoughts and haunted my dreams, were, I am bound to say, of a very different order from that matrimonial code of profit and loss, into the mysteries of which I had recently been initiated. My schoolmistress had taken great trouble (mistaken woman as she was) to instil into her pupils' minds the absurd and new idea that girls would in the end probably find it more conducive to their happiness in life, were they to try and centre their thoughts of earthly felicity on some other subject besides marriage. She used to contend (I can see now how mistaken she was, though I did not then,) that marriage was of far too serious a nature to be the sole topic of every flighty boarding school miss's daily gossip. That girls should be brought up to regard it with more of the veneration they are supposed to entertain for the "History of England," "Mangnall's Questions," or even "Le Follet." Not that she would for a moment wish it to be shorn of its poetry, its idealism, its beautiful consciousness of mental dependence, and new-born oblivion of self, which are the fascinations of a happy alliance. On the contrary she would like to see checked that universal and foolish depreciation of anything approaching romance, which appeared now-a-days to blight all true and generous instincts once considered the inseparable accompaniments of a fortunate union. But still she would wish, as it were by morally-rarefying their influences, to surround a young girl's dawning consciousness of the primeval beauty of that divine relation man and wife, with the halo which a nobler and loftier conception of it would induce. The consequence of all this antiquated teaching was that when I left England (having it is true, seen nothing then of its society, as I have since), I regarded marriage as a contingent or possible consequence of my good looks, but never dreamt I should become any man's wife, except on the one condition that I loved him. Still less did I contemplate it for a second on such a ghastly proviso (as it would then have appeared to me) as, say, his procuring or not procuring on the next vacancy the Circumlocutor-Generalship.

'However, I had not been a month in India before I discovered how radically erroneous were my opinions, judged by the standard of modern society, and bitterly did I repent the time wasted at school in trying to imbibe my schoolmistress's views on the subject.

'Several circumstances conspired to cure me of my "love-match" mania, independently of the numerous and wise lectures on my prospects in general, with which my lamented strong-minded mamma used to "further my education and knowledge of the world," as she used to term it. For instance, I noticed particularly on my first arrival, the absence in Anglo-Indian

society, of anything resembling true friendship among the men and women. Everyone seemed a mere acquaintance. An acquaintance "*pur et simple*," nothing more! No further latitude appeared to be desired or allowed. The very air of a ball-room seemed to be laden with anxious maternal doubts and suspicions. No gentleman seemed to me to dare to say more than half-a-dozen words to a girl, or if he did she didn't seem to care to hear them; or dance with her more than once, lest he should be expected to marry her within the month. Then I found that many girls being so rigorously deprived of all external society whilst single, were naturally led to look forward to marriage as the joyful termination of the "stay-at-home" period of their existence. In short they soon began to think of nothing else whatever, and consequently to consider it as the first object of their lives, thoughts, and actions, deprived as they were of such distracting topics as their sisters in England possess, *e.g.*, a Royal Academy, Botanical Fête, rural parish work, a concert, the sea-side recess, the continental tour, and so on. All they had then to fall back upon being the sempiternal speculation as to their chances of marriage, they ere long appeared to weary of the meditation, and sooner than put up any more with their conventional humdrum home existence, they would marry the first man they met, whether they affected him or not, provided only that he was a "good match." But to return.

'Independently of the fact that Captain Finesse was possessed of an Herculean form compared to the somewhat diminutive physique rejoiced in by the major, it was altogether off the cards that my husband would undertake to personally chastise him for the disgraceful conduct of which he had just been guilty, when we were discovered in that interesting position which I have heard some unæsthetic individuals denominate as "cuddling."

'He was of far too philosophical a turn to be guilty, even under the utmost provocation, of a resort to physical violence. I firmly believe that if some unhappy subaltern, relieved at whist by the major of his last rupee, had in the desperation of the moment thought fit to pull the major's nose, he would, brother-like, have offered his cheek to be slapped, sooner than have knocked him down. But then—he would have remembered him in the orderly-room, and would there have repaid himself for the insult with interest, not thirty-fold, or sixty, but a hundred. So, having overcome his first ebullition of surprise, all contained in the single expression "Halloa" (which was singularly verbose for him), he proceeded to take off his topee, call out to the punkah boy, and then to throw himself into an arm-chair, "Whilst," as he afterwards said to me, "Whilst you and Finesse were saying your adieux."

'The captain, not in the least degree disconcerted by the occurrence,

recovered his hat and stick in the most perfect manner (his bow whilst raising the stick was certainly a master-piece), and sauntering towards the door, in all the glory of his conscious six-feet-four, paused as he reached it, and turning to my husband, said :

“ Really, major, I—ah—didn’t really know—that—you—”

“ No ! I don’t suppose you did,” replied my manly protector. “ Pray say no more. You know what this sort of thing means. At present, there’s the door. Good morning.”

‘ The impassable Finesse, with a wicked wink at me, which seemed to say, “ We’ll be more careful next time, won’t we,” passed out, and I was alone with my lord. For three minutes he did not say a word. It was a horrible three minutes ; horrible chiefly because I did not know what was coming. Would he, I thought, show a little nobility of soul ? Would he give me a chance of explanation ? Would he, in short, show that he possessed a tittle of affection for me, sufficient to prompt him to trust me till I had spoken ; or would he, on the contrary, at once assume that I had been a willing performer in the late unfortunate tableau ? Nay, more ; would he be so base and cruel as to credit me with more than he had seen ; would he dare to think me a wife and no wife ? During that three minutes, whilst he sat opposite to me, with his arms crossed in front of him, gazing at me with a supercilious, satirical look of contempt, I confess I did not feel comfortable. I raised my eyes once, and met his hateful, sceptical look. Where in my woman’s heart I had hoped to have found sorrow, pity, hope, I saw in their place defiant indifference, if not concealed joy. Did his face show a trace of humiliation ? No !—victory. Was he even agitated ? No !—sublimely resigned. At last he spoke in quiet, measured accents.

“ It was weak of you to choose Finesse,” he said, “ very weak ! He’s an awfully poor man. Young Sinclair would have been better ; Finesse is so much the younger son, and his brother’s fortune went long ago, like many another before it, to water the turf. Great pity you chose Finesse.”

‘ What he really meant by these mercenary remarks I utterly failed to divine then, though I have since, unhappily, been enabled only too accurately to gauge their true significance.

‘ I was utterly bewildered. I knew not what to say in reply. I was quite a young girl, and on my honeymoon.

‘ However, he soon relieved me from the painful silence which had ensued by continuing : “ I’m not surprised though, after all, at your choice ; Finesse is just the sort of man to turn a woman’s head. Has all the points, both physical, and well—I won’t say intellectual, but ‘ cerebral ’ necessary to produce such an effect. A good tailor, if not a good figure ; quantity in length of limb, if not in depth of mind ; an eye which like

champagne, sparkles and inebriates, and a tongue which while it abhors the sweets of nature, dispenses its own artificial honey with all the industry of the bee.

"Come," he said, rising and coming toward me with an apparent frankness and warmth which seemed strangely at variance with his former coolness and unconcern; "you must admit I've taken this matter rather coolly as yet; some fellows would doubtless have been less tolerant of this gay Lothario, but I wished to spare you a scene. Now I ask you to make me some return. To let me know all about this matter, who was in the right, and who was in the wrong."

"I was positively enchanted with this charming trait in his disposition, the supposed absence of which I had only just been deploring, and which had so unexpectedly shown itself. He *was* willing then to give me a patient hearing, to hear the evidence of both sides before condemning me. How great I thought must be his power of self-restraint. Surely, after all he must love me.

"I am quite willing and anxious to tell you all the truth," I said. "There is not much to tell but ——

"Stop," interrupted the major? "Don't say that, I have every confidence in your assurance that you wish to tell me all; but when you add that the explanation of such an unhappy occurrence as the present can be contained in a few words, I perceive at once you are as unlikely as you are manifestly unable, to do yourself justice. Let me take the case into my hands. I will simplify the whole matter for you, my questions you will be able easily to comprehend, and by your answers I shall be enabled to arrive at something like the truth. In the first place then, did you ever know Finesse before you came here last month?"

"Yes! I did slightly."

"In fact you'd met him often previously?"

"Not often."

"Well, sometimes?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"Was there ever anything between you approaching a flirtation? Mind how you answer. I do not ask if there was an actual passion. I simply say anything approaching a flirtation."

"Yes!" I said "he once proposed to me."

The major fairly started. He put up his eye-glass, looked at me searchingly, to see that I was in earnest, and being evidently satisfied on that point, became, to my great surprise, quite pleased and delighted.

"My dear Adah—h (he always called me Adah—h when he was in good spirits, and Mrs. Graspall, when he was the other thing.) You're really a very good girl, candour, itself! candour, itself!"

"I promise to tell you all."

“Yes, all. Just so! yes! Ah! so he proposed, did he—and was of course rejected?”

“Not rejected—refused.”

“Refused, then—by all means refused! Because he was too poor, eh?”

“Well, his income was certainly not sufficient to marry upon.”

“My dear girl, circumlocution on an occasion like the present is dispensable. He was poor—good! Where, may I ask, did all this take place?”

“In England—when I was on a visit to one of my schoolfellows in the country.”

“Which schoolfellow? What part of the country?”

“Lucy Myers, of Branchley Towers, in Kent.”

“Branchley Towers! Dear me! how romantic!” soliloquised the major, as he noted it down in his pocket-book. “I suppose you did not see him in England much afterwards?”

“No, he came to India soon afterwards.”

“Ah! so did you. Was he at Skandalore when you arrived?”

“No, he came a few weeks afterwards, and called immediately.”

“Did you see him then?”

“No.”

“Why? Didn’t you wish to?”

“Very much—I liked him exceedingly then.”

“Ah! yes!—I’ve no doubt you did,” replied the major. “Why, then, did you not see him?”

“Mamma thought I’d better not after what had passed between us—at all events whilst I was unmarried.”

“Just so! just so!” broke in the major, with a chuckle of intense satisfaction. “Of course, whilst you were *un*-married. Ha! ha! Good! But when you were married?”

“Oh, then it was quite different;—I could.”

“It was very different—very! You saw him then as often as you pleased.”

“I did not.”

“Well, you kissed him at all events. You won’t deny that?”

“I did nothing of the kind, Major Graspall. When you saw me in that unfortunate predicament, you came upon me in a most unlucky moment, for——”

“Ha! ha! ha!” chuckled the major.

“It is time for me to speak,” I said, rising and approaching him; “it is time for me to assert my innocence, and to show the utter falseness of your, I admit, natural suspicions.”

“Natural suspicions! Certainties, by Jove!”

“An apparent certainty.”

“Apparent! Very much apparent, madam. I never saw such a thorough-bred hug in my life.”

“Major Graspall,” I said, “I have assured you already, and I assure you again, that I am as much surprised and disgusted at Captain Finesse’s conduct as you can possibly be yourself. I had no conception that he was about to forget himself so grossly as he had done when you came upon us in that most unsuspected moment. More I cannot say at present; my feelings prevent me. I am still your true and faithful wife. I ask you to trust me as you have hitherto done, and I once more distinctly assure you that, though appearances are against me, I am entirely innocent of the least disloyalty towards you.”

‘The major had listened with an ironical smile playing about his mouth. He suddenly, as I concluded, rose, and taking my hand in his, said :

“I will trust you this time—for the future, beware.”

‘Five minutes afterwards he rode out of the compound towards the barracks of the 115th.

‘I was hot and excited. The extraordinary events of that afternoon had come so unawares upon me, the experience was so novel, my sensations so varied, that I felt as if during those few hours I had become a different being. The reaction was yet to come: I was still startled, and my blood was boiling—at fever heat. I tried to calm myself by lying down beneath the waving punkah and closing my eyes to sleep—it was no use; I had never so completely lost all control over myself before. I felt I must be moving—moving anywhere out of that dreadful room. The afternoon was wearing away. In the distance I heard the strains of the regimental band which performed twice a week in the park. I determined to drive there, and try to calm myself in the cool evening air. When we arrived the band was beginning the glorious overture to “Guillaume Tell.” The deep grand notes with which it opens were borne to my ears as the carriage passed in through the gates, and when it stopped close to the band stand, around which there were that evening a great crowd of people, the beautiful pastorage had commenced. I felt I had done right. This was the scene and the place in which to recover my senses, to bring me back again to myself, to distract my thoughts. The music was delightful; so much so to poor, feverish, unhappy me, that I leant back in the carriage, closed my eyes, and—listened. I did not care for the people—I hoped that no one saw me. The brief Indian twilight was fast disappearing, and the lamps were being lit: one by one the other carriages began to depart. The coachman turned round once and asked if he should return, but I shook my head in silence; I could not trust myself to speak. No; my greedy ears drank in that dear music, those soothing strains, like a fever patient does a draught of

water. My thoughts wandered away from that present loathsome place to a lovely terrace in a lordly mansion thousands of miles away. Between us oceans rolled and deserts spread their dreary expanse. In that Kentish home, two years before, I had known what first love was—had had my heart opened to its rapturous delights by him whom loving, while by him beloved, I had met again out here, against whose heart, a few hours ago, my own had for a second once more beaten in unison. Yes, I struggled against the thought. I tried my hardest to expel it—it would not be expelled: there it was, there it reigned. My husband had summoned it up from the buried past. He had dug up that little lost spray, those once green leaves, the brightest in my young life's history; he had rudely brought them to the light, and in the light they *would* remain. Oh, my love! my love! what a life would have been mine if I'd been thine!

'The music stopped; the last bar of the national anthem had sounded on the still night air, and the musicians were departing. They used to drive back in a break to the barracks at night for fear of the snakes, which literally teemed in the brushwood and long grass, which was plentiful around; the other people had all vanished long before. The coachman touched up the horses and made them rear, in order, I suppose, to attract my attention. He effected his object. "Home," I said; and in another moment we were rapidly returning through the park.

'The dream was over! I was no longer twirling round in that English ball-room, heart to heart with my old love—no longer wandering with him along the tented terrace among choice plants and babbling fountains—but back in the land of exile, near him it was true, but separated by how impassable a barrier—I was married!

'Suddenly a voice—a well-known voice, broke forth in the silence—clear, ringing, well-known.

"Stop, coachman! stop." The carriage pulled up.

"What's the matter?" I cried.

"Sahib coming, marm," said the ghorra wallah.

"Good heavens, Captain Finesse, is that you?" I exclaimed, as I recognised his well-remembered features at the side of the carriage. "Are you not afraid of the snakes?"

"Why, yes; I am rather," he replied; "I've just had a narrow escape—trod on a brute which was luckily *not* a cobra. Would you mind giving me a seat in your carriage? I wouldn't ask, but you're the last, and I don't know how I am to get back to mess alive."

'He scarcely waited for the permission—he knew it was not necessary. In a second he was again by my side, and the carriage had resumed its course.

"Dearest Ada!" he said, "I've waited for you ever since four o'clock. What made you stick by that hateful band all the evening? I did not like

to present myself in such an open place. Thank heaven I've met you at last.'

"You must not really speak like this," I replied, remembering my husband's last injunction. "It is wrong, very wrong, of you to do so."

"Bother the wrong; we have not met like this for two years—two long weary years. Oh! have you forgotten the past—so entirely forgotten it, that you will not listen to me for a few minutes?"

'As he spoke, a horse's hoofs were plainly discernible on the road behind us; it was the road from the barracks.

"Won't you answer, my darling," he said, as his arm was winding round my waist.

'By a supreme effort I mastered my emotion, and rose equal to the occasion.

"Yes, I will answer. My answer is, that whatever the past may have been, it is past: we live in the present. Our paths in life, though they nearly joined once, branched off immediately afterwards. Do not leave yours or try to make me leave mine, and never again so far forget yourself, Captain Finesse, as to repeat your offence of to-day."

'He gave only a hollow groan in reply, and leaping over the low side of the carriage, was left behind in the darkness.

'Scarcely was I aware of his action, when the horseman behind rapidly increased his pace, and dashing past before I could catch a glimpse of his face, was in a moment far ahead and out of sight.

'We soon reached home. My husband was waiting in the verandah, and handed me out of the carriage.

"Been to the band?" he said, in a careless, pleased sort of voice. "Found it rather lonely, I should think, didn't you?"

"Not very; I wanted to be alone to-night."

'A sudden suspicion dawned upon me, for at that moment I saw another ghorra wallah leading away from a dark part of the garden, my husband's horse, evidently jaded and fatigued. Was it possible that he and the mysterious horseman behind us that night were one and the same? Nothing more was said at that time. Dinner passed in silence. Afterwards he said he had some very important letters to write, and hoped I would excuse him. To tell the truth he could not have proposed anything more agreeable. I went to bed.

* * * * *

'It was some time afterwards. The night had worn on. Fully two hours had elapsed, and still he had not come up stairs. I could not sleep; the hot Indian night reigned around in all its stifling magnificence. Through the half-open venetians I could see the stars almost blazing. The very moon seemed to have lost its peaceful calm, and to be vying with its daily rival for the supremacy of heat; the hot wind

occasionally breathed through the chinks of the blinds, and at last, as if to add fuel to the fire, the punkah that had been hitherto lazily swinging above me stopped. The poor slave in the next room, who had been pulling it having, as usual, rocked himself to sleep, from which he was not to be awoken (as I very well knew by past experience) by any call that I could give. Suddenly a hollow sort of laugh came up, borne upon the air from the room below—a horrid, bitter, exulting laugh; a laugh which even in that heated atmosphere caused me to shudder. Again there was a sound, this time as of hurriedly-spoken, incoherent words; then silence, followed after an interval by a low, dismal chuckle that was positively diabolical. I could stand it no longer. I was determined to see what was going on below. Slipping on a wrapper, and treading as lightly as possible, for fear of waking any of the servants, I carefully descended the stairs, and hurrying across the passage, paused outside the door, to see that the punkah there also had stopped. It had—and what a scene did I behold! Seated at the table, with his legs stretched out before him, his hands crossed listlessly in his lap, and his head dropping on his chest, was the major, fast asleep.

Before him lay the letter which it was so important he should finish. The pen had fallen to the floor; the ink-stand was just about to follow it. I cautiously entered the room, and hastened round behind the major's chair. My first action was to make the ink-stand safe, for I did not wish him to awake just then. Then I looked at his face; a fiendish sort of satisfaction pervaded it. My eyes wandered to the manuscript on the table before him. I wondered what it was all about, and yet hesitated to look. I longed to be back safely in my room. I felt as if I was committing a midnight burglary, and would have given worlds to have been back again in bed. Observing that my husband was still fast asleep, I again gazed upon the manuscript. Horror of horrors, what did I see: a circumstantial report of the conversation we had held that night. Every word was down. Then all was clear; he had never intended to write a letter at all. It was a mere trick to make me convict myself if possible; and whilst I, in the innocence of my heart had been admiring his forbearance and calmness, he had been engaged all the time in compiling a list of evidence against me, to use when the proper occasion arrived. I felt almost inclined to burst out crying for mere disappointment and vexation of spirit. Suddenly the major spoke in his sleep: "What—do—I want—man? What—what a stupid dolt, you—you are. I tell you a separation would be of no use. I couldn't marry again. No, it must—be——Divorce."

[To be continued.]

THE DAY AFTER MY DEATH.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

CHAPTER I.

ON a raw morning, towards the close of last November, I formed one of a very uncomfortable party of spirits, who stood shivering on the banks of the Styx, awaiting the arrival of Charon, with his ferry-boat. The cold natural to the season of the year was aggravated by a keen and bitter wind, which not infrequently visits the reach of the river where we were stationed; and as spirits have no considerable internal sources of heat to fall back upon, our discomfort was excessive. Some attempted to kindle an artificial warmth by flitting rapidly to and fro along the bank, while others stamped their shadowy feet upon the iron soil; or, after the manner of mortal cabmen, slapped their impalpable fingertips against their intangible shoulders, but without any marked success. There was nothing for it but to wait with as much patience as might be for the arrival of the old ferry-man, and to occupy the intervening time in staring at each other with those looks of gloomy distrust, which are so well-known a characteristic of English shades; and, by means of which, each of us distinctly, though tacitly, asked our neighbour what he meant by venturing to die on the same day as ourselves. My companions differed much from each other in external appearance, but the countenances of most of them agreed in exhibiting profound dissatisfaction with the position in which we found ourselves. Spirits have, by a fortunate provision of Nature, the peculiar faculty of detecting at a glance to what profession or calling their fellow-shades have belonged during their mortal existence. The value of this faculty in a society where there are no longer any external peculiarities of dress or appearance to distinguish one spirit from another, cannot be over-estimated; and I was much interested in examining my neighbours, with the assistance of this newly-acquired power. At a little distance from me I observed a portly, respectable-looking shade, who was pacing restlessly up and down the bank, and narrowly scrutinising the features of each spirit who passed him with the kind of uneasy curiosity of a man who

is expecting to meet an acquaintance, but is not sure that the meeting will be a pleasant one. On a nearer approach I discovered that it was the spirit of a fashionable London physician. Somewhat higher up the bank I observed an artist and a poet seated side by side, with their faces buried in their hands, in the deepest dejection. At intervals one of them would claim in the most piteous tones the compassion of his companion, to which the latter would reply by a lamentable ejaculation over his own misfortunes, and a passionate appeal to the sympathy of the other. Their voices were shrill and penetrating—that of the poet particularly so—and thus I was very soon made acquainted with the causes of their regrets. Each of them was lamenting his early decease—the poet exclaiming that he had died before his merits had been recognised, the artist that he had died before his had been sufficiently appreciated. The latter was, if possible, louder and more importunate in his complaints than his companion ;—both of them were very old.

It was a pleasure to pass from these to a more resigned type of spirit, of which there were a few specimens present. The pale, thin shade of the widow, who sat apart from the rest with the little child-shade in her arms, was a more agreeable object of contemplation. Her face shewed the traces of much past suffering, but none of the bitterness of present regret. She looked with mild pity and some surprise upon the gloomy countenances around her, but when she turned her eyes from them to the opposite shore her features wore an expression of resignation, and sometimes even of hope. Death had had no terrors for her. A husband dearly loved by her, had died but two years previously, and the little savings he had left a 'friend in the City' had invested for her in a mine. So when her child died she had no longer any tie either of interest or affection to bind her to the earth, and she was only too glad to accompany it to the other world. There were besides her two other shades who accepted the situation with equanimity—one of them, indeed, with absolute satisfaction. These were respectively a metaphysical philosopher, and a barrister of seven years' standing. The latter, if not exactly pleased with his new position, at least contemplated it with the most complete nonchalance. In the transfer of the sphere of his professional life from the material to the spiritual world, he detected no important change in his prospects ; and, indeed, he was inclined to enter upon his new career in the shades with the revived hopefulness of a man who on earth had never had even the shadow of a chance. The metaphysical philosopher was, of all the spirits the least disposed to cast regretful looks at the world which he had left. *That*, not *this*, was to him the world of shadows ; before and not behind him lay the region of reality, and of 'things in themselves.' Perched high up on the bank above the other spirits, on a sharp point of rock, with the light mists of that region

curling round his head, and frequently obscuring it from our view, he sat immovable, his eyes fixed steadfastly on the dim outlines of the opposite bank. Attracted by the sight I ascended with some difficulty to the elevation at which he was sitting, and drew near to him. He paid no attention to me, but continued to maintain the same attitude of face and posture. At intervals he muttered to himself some indistinct sentences, of which I only caught the words 'mystery of being,' 'problem of existence,' 'long-wished for solution,' and a few similar expressions. As he showed no disposition to address me, and as I was utterly unable to discern anything in the direction to which he was so intently gazing, I shortly afterwards descended the slope and rejoined my companions. One of them, an eminent Member of Parliament of advanced Liberal views, and of a Nonconformist persuasion, was holding a very bitter argument with a country gentleman, and a retired grocer and churchwarden, on the subject of the Burials Bill. The three disputants were surrounded by a small group of spirits, who listened with the languid interest which a subject so remotely affecting their future prospects was calculated to inspire.

All were glad when the distant plash of oars was heard, and a boat propelled slowly towards us by a figure seated in the bows, became indistinctly visible through the mist. The young barrister smiled faintly on the boat approaching; and the 'form' of its occupant becoming more clearly discernible, and muttered to himself 'Not much catch at the beginning there.' The philosopher, who had rapidly descended the bank at the first sign of the boat's arrival, was the first to embark. He hurried forward and seated himself in the bows, and immediately falling into the same attitude as he had maintained on shore, remained with his eyes fixed on the opposite bank throughout the whole transit. He was followed by a spirit whom I have not yet described, but to whom we all instinctively gave place, showing him, by a general deferential glance in his direction, that we expected him to precede us. He was undoubtedly by far the most respectable shade of the whole body—if I may apply so inappropriate an expression to a group of spirits. He was a man widely known and respected for his efforts in the cause of philanthropy. He was the chairman of at least three charitable societies, and a prominent member of several more. His piety was sincere and unaffected, and he had been very fortunate in his pecuniary speculations (I transcribe these remarks from an obituary notice, published a week after his death—on his tombstone). The country gentleman followed politely, handing in the widow. Next in order came the artist, the poet, and the M.P. The physician, the retired grocer, and I, took our places next, and the barrister having prevailed upon Charon to relinquish the sculls to him took us across with a style and finish of oarsmanship which those waters had

probably never before witnessed. The old ferryman himself took the rudder-lines, and I had thus an opportunity of studying his appearance and of comparing it with the description given of him by Virgil. It is not necessary for me to add anything to that description, which allowing for difference of age, is in its main features correct.

The passage of the Styx occupied about half an hour, but it was perhaps nearer three-quarters before the boat was made fast to the landing-place and we had all disembarked. The delay was chiefly occasioned by Cerberus, who swam out to meet us, and in watching whose performances in the water we spent nearly ten minutes. The character of this animal, like that of Richard III., Tiberius, and others, has been very unwarrantably maligned; or at any rate his fierceness has been much exaggerated. Virgil, Horace, and others, probably refer in their descriptions to his demeanour when engaged in the discharge of his janitorial functions. Off duty he is a most amiable and amusing beast, and entertained us vastly by the clever manner in which he swam after and simultaneously picked up three sticks which we threw into the water for him, about a foot apart from each other. Charon, however, soon grew impatient at the delay; and cutting short an animated dispute between the barrister and the M.P. as to the amount of license duty, whether five or fifteen shillings, with which such a dog would be chargeable in England under the 30 & 31 Vic., cap. 5, the old ferryman brought the boat alongside the landing-place and made it fast.

There are, as my readers are probably aware, no customs payable in the infernal regions, and hence there was no Custom-house attached to the landing-place at which we disembarked. Newly arrived spirits have, however, to undergo a personal examination of a much more formidable nature before the High Court of Justice. They are asked if they carry anything in their consciences which it is their duty 'to declare.' Concealment is frequently attempted but is never successful, for the officers of the Court can overhaul a conscience as rapidly as a French *douanier* will rummage you a portmanteau. The High Court of Justice continues, by a very laudable arrangement, always in Session even during the Long Vacation; its officers are in constant attendance at the jetty, and a party of them having instantly but courteously taken possession of our persons, we were conducted to an ante-chamber of the Court House, there to await our being summoned before the judges.

As we felt, or at any rate affected to feel, no anxiety about the result of our examination, we passed our time in looking about us and observing the admirable arrangements of the building. The respective approaches for witnesses, for the bar and for the general shade-public, were completely separated from each other. Witnesses had ample accommodation both in the Court itself and in the ante-rooms. They were not subjected

to by any means as much pain and discomfort as they would have deserved, had they been criminals of the blackest dye. The bar—even including those counsel who were engaged in the actual business going on—were enabled to get to their places without a series of personal encounters with the public. As soon as we entered the Court our admiration was further excited by the discovery that it was ventilated. The whole building was, we were told, planned and completed in less than two years.

We had scarcely time to complete our observations before an usher made his appearance, and directed us to follow him into the Court, and in a few moments we stood in the presence of Minos, C.J., and Cæcus and Rhadamanthus, J.J. The first few cases were disposed of speedily enough. The artist and the poet were questioned on and rebuked for a few trifling thefts which they had committed, the former upon the persons of antique or medieval victims, and the latter upon those of contemporary writers. The philosopher was dismissed with a few phrases of commendation on his blameless life, and the widow with expressions of sympathy for her misfortunes. I myself was gently reprovèd for a few failings, and commended for a few virtues, neither of which it is necessary for me here to particularise, and was permitted to pass on. The eminently respectable spirit to whom we had all instinctively given place on embarkation, came next, and we all supposed that he would be allowed to pass without question; but to our extreme surprise, on his taking his place at the bar, a whisper passed between the judges—Cæcus, who had been hitherto conducting the examinations, desisted, and Rhadamanthus, rising to his feet, uttered, in a terrible voice, the one word—‘Confess!’ All eyes were turned upon the spirit, and we saw to our amazement that his pompous composure had deserted him, and given place to a deadly terror. Spirits do not tremble as rudely and visibly as mortal men; but nevertheless, under the influence of his overmastering fear the subtle particles of his shadowy frame quivered with an incessant motion, like the sultry atmosphere in a summer’s noon.

He burst into a torrent of angry and terrified protestations, and the young barrister instantly rose to his feet.

‘My Lords!’ he exclaimed, obviously excited; ‘if it be the custom of this Court to assign counsel to prisoners in such cases, I beg to remind your Lordships that I am the junior barrister present.’

‘Silence, young man,’ replied Minos, sternly. ‘A prisoner needs no counsel here. He is judged by the Light, and the Light wrongs no man.’

As he spoke an officer of the Court advanced, and at a sign from Minos drew aside the black curtain which hung behind the judges. Immediately a stream of light poured in from a window above the bench, upon the face of the accused spirit; and as the light smote his features,

a nameless change passed over them, and we saw that he was a murderer.

He saw how we fell back from him, and he redoubled his protestations of innocence. He appealed to his blameless life, to the universal respect of his fellow-men, to his noble reputation for charitable works.

But even as he spoke, there rose up beside him at the bar, unseen of him, but seen and shuddered at by all else, the wan shade of what had been in life a frail and delicate woman; and as he finished, she slowly stretched out her finger, and touched him. He turned and looked on her, and in a moment the secret of thirty years burst in one hideous cry from the lying lips, and he fell prostrate at her feet.

But for one moment. Then he sprang up, his face now lurid with the inner fires that had caught his soul, and shrieked a woman's name—but *not hers* who stood above him with the accusing finger still pointing at her murderer.

'Catherine! Catherine! *she* is here! the thin, pale woman whom you hated and taught me to hate. Temptress! Devil! where are you? It was you—you who did it! You who first woke the fearful wish in my soul, and thrust the poison into my hand! You did it—you! and the lightning passed you by to strike your dupe. Murderess! where are you? Murderess! come to judgment!'

But now, at a sign from Rhadamanthus, the shade of the woman stooped over her murderer husband, and entwined him in her arms, and fixed her eyes upon his; and the passionate cries died away into broken murmurs, and then ceased utterly, and the changeful countenance of remorse froze into a fixed and steadfast horror. And so they two, murderer and victim, locked in each other's arms, face close to face, and their eyes fastened on each other's, passed slowly from our view, united thus for ever.

CHAPTER II.

It may easily be conceived that we were glad to escape from the emotions aroused by this painful scene, and we welcomed, as an agreeable relief, the severe cross-examination to which the country gentleman was subjected by Minos with reference to certain poaching convictions in which he had been concerned when alive, and of the quorum. He was sharply questioned as to his capacities for a judicial post, and although the curtain behind the Bench had now been let fall again, and we had no longer the benefit of the mysterious light which had exposed the guilt of the murderer, we had little difficulty in seeing that the squire was quite ignorant of law.

At intervals, when the questions were especially searching, he peered anxiously into the crowd of spectator spirits, in the vain hope of discovering the shade of the late clerk to the justices for his division of the county, who had died some months previously. After about ten minutes' examination he was dismissed, with a few stinging remarks from Minos upon the English magisterial system.

The successful grocer, churchwarden, and poor-law guardian was the next to present himself, and he had a very uncomfortable time of it indeed. I was amazed at the acquaintance exhibited by the judges, not only with all the intricacies of workhouse management, but with the low artifices of trade adulteration and deceit upon the weights. Before the grocer had left the dock we all of us knew accurately the proportion of sand in his sugar, and of tallow in his butter, and of nameless abominations in his tea. We could have told how many drachms were deficient on his ounce, and by how many ounces his pound fell short of the standard weight, and could form some approximate estimate of the amount of his daily depredations. So that when Rhadamanthus, in a voice of righteous indignation, delivered the judgment of the Court, we were betrayed into 'applause, which was immediately suppressed.'

'Spirit!' said the judge, 'on earth you were a most respectable man, universally honoured by your neighbours, churchwarden of your parish, a guardian of the poor of your union. Here we see you as the cruel and heartless knave you really are—not as the warden of the church, but as the plunderer of the flock; not the guardian, but the oppressor of the poor—a wretch who, for paltry gains, made the bitter life-struggle of the needy more bitter to them yet. Go,' continued Rhadamanthus, pointing to one of the doors, 'Go, and by that door. In the ante-room adjoining you will find the shades of those whom you have wronged—of the starving sempstress—of the struggling day-labourer—of the shoeless street-sweeper, whose poor halfpence, precious to them as drops of life-blood, you daily filched. Go; they await you there.'

The grocer and poor-law guardian left the Court much crest-fallen, and in considerable anxiety as to his future.

The M.P. was examined with some severity as to certain proceedings which had taken place at his last election, and was then allowed to pass on.

The fashionable physician next presented himself, but was remanded till the following day, in order that the attendance of witnesses might be procured, of whom a large number, it was said, would have to be examined.

The barrister was the last, and his examination afforded the audience the greatest entertainment of all. There were no serious delinquencies in his case to be inquired into; and to the charge of idleness which Æacus

made against him, he was able to make a tolerably satisfactory defence. The Court then proceeded, from motives of curiosity, to ply him with a series of questions as to the present condition of the English law. First, they pressed him very closely as to the mode in which he had qualified himself for his profession, and were much puzzled at the answers they received. They could not be brought to understand our process of preparing barristers for their duties by feeding them on roast mutton and sherry; and for a long time they persisted in regarding his account of the process as merely an allegorical description of the mental training to which students were subjected—the roast mutton being typical of the substantial pabulum of legal instruction with which they were filled; and the sherry, emblematic of that spirit and fire of eloquence in which they were at the same time no doubt assiduously trained. The barrister, in reply, admitted that the sherry was strongly emblematic of spirit and fire, but he still insisted, to the extreme bewilderment of the Court, on the strictly literal nature of his description of the singular process by which the English lawyer is created. Minos then transferred his inquiries from the subject of legal education to that of the law itself, and asked, with much interest, what was the character of the English Code? The barrister replied that we possessed no Code. What, then, was the character of our Digest? We had no Digest. The Court, in the utmost astonishment, then inquired what our law consisted of, and where it was to be found? The reply was, that the English law was of three kinds—Statute Law, Case Law, and Common Law. The first was composed of about 14,000 Acts of the Legislature, and was to be found in 111 octavo or 48 quarto volumes of the Statutes of the Realm. The second consisted of about 60,000 recorded Decisions, and was to be found in above 1,200 volumes of Reports. The third consisted of an indefinite number of Legal Principles, and was to be found in the breasts of the judges. Besides these, there was a vast and undefined system known as Equity, and a body of Ecclesiastical Jurisprudence, founded upon the Roman civil and canon law, with which it was unnecessary to trouble the Court, except to assure them that these portions of the law were similarly easy of access and application. These answers seemed to perplex the Court very much, and Minos suggested that, though the Case Law was voluminous and unorganised, yet it was probably consistent with itself, and capable of being deduced to a simple and harmonious system. The barrister replied that he could not undertake to say this, and that it was the extremely discordant and contradictory nature of recorded decisions which was the great obstacle to digesting the law. Minos then good-naturedly hinted that no doubt the Statute Law adjusted the differences and cleared up the obscurities of Case Law. The barrister replied that, unfortunately, the language and method of the Statute Law was not calculated either to

adjust differences, or to clear up obscurities ; and, as a specimen of its phraseology, he begged to quote for their lordships' edification the title of the 57 Geo. III., c. 101. It was in these words :—*'An Act to continue an Act intituled An Act further to extend and render more effectual certain provisions of an Act passed in the twelfth year of His Majesty George I., intituled An Act to prevent frivolous and vexatious arrests, and of an Act passed in the fifth year of the reign of His Majesty George II., to explain, amend, and render more effectual the said former Act, and of two Acts passed in the nineteenth and forty-third years of His present Majesty, extending the said former Acts.'*

At this point the Court rose for luncheon, Minos however, though bewildered and disappointed with the information he had just received, was much pleased with the candour and intelligence with which his questions had been answered ; and was desirous of improving his acquaintance with his informant. He accordingly sent round an usher to invite the barrister to lunch in the judge's retiring-room, with such of his friends as he should choose to bring with him. I was fortunate enough to be selected for inclusion in the invitation, in company with the M.P., the country gentleman, and the physician, and together we followed the usher to the judge's private apartment, where we were most hospitably entertained. The affability of their lordships' manner quite removed the uneasiness which we were at first disposed to feel at our novel position as guests of those who had lately been sitting in judgment on our mortal lives, and the conversation soon became general and unrestrained. The barrister alone seemed not quite at his ease ; he appeared to feel somewhat humiliated at the recollection of the account which he had been compelled to give of the condition of the English law ; and as soon as luncheon was over he took an opportunity of assuring Minos that things were not in this respect so bad in England as his description of them might have led their lordships to imagine. The defects which he had been enumerating affected after all only—or at least principally—the determination of civil disputes. With respect to the punishment of crime, the English law might, he said, be described without exaggeration as nearly faultless, both as regarded its principle and its administration. At these words the three judges exchanged a rapid glance, a remarkable convulsion appeared to pass over their features, and we all saw that it was only their good breeding which prevented them from bursting into a fit of laughter. The barrister, rather nettled at this, proceeded to asseverate that under the English criminal system, the protection of innocence and the punishment of guilt were almost absolutely secured. Upon this Minos rose from his chair, and beckoned us to follow him into an adjoining room. We did so, and found ourselves in a spacious and well-appointed

library. Minos walked straight up to a shelf on the left hand side of the room, and pointing to a row of large folio volumes, bound in crimson and lettered in gilt, desired us to read their titles. I transcribe that of one of them, which may be taken as a specimen of the rest. It was in these words :—‘HUMAN JUSTICE. DOUBLE FAILURES, Vol. cvii. [England, Vol. xvi. 1775—1800.]’ We looked around us, and saw that the whole of the shelves on one side of the library were filled with these crimson-bound volumes, similarly lettered in every instance, except as to the name of the countries to which they referred. Those relating to England occupied two shelves, about six feet in length. I confess I was very much startled; and I suppose the faces of all of us showed some consternation, for Minos immediately remarked upon it :

‘You are surprised, gentlemen,’ he said, in gentle tones, but with a faint touch of irony in the inflection of his voice. ‘We are not unaccustomed to witness the display of such emotions on the part of our visitors from the upper world. They have formed, as a rule, too high an estimate of the success with which human justice is administered.’

With these words he took down from the shelf the volume whose superscription I have transcribed, and opening it at random, laid it on the table before us. We all crowded round to inspect the page which was laid open to our view. I subjoin the following extract from it, which will show the careful and orderly manner in which the registers are kept :—

No.	Crime.	Person Guilty.	Person Punished.	Punishment.	Cause of Judicial Failure.
54	Sheepstealing	Roger Robfold	Gregory Gaper	Death.	Defect of English Criminal Procedure. Prisoner, unable to be witness on his own behalf.
55	Robbery from a Dwelling House	Jonathan Scudds	Simon Lofer	Death.	Defect of English Criminal Procedure. Exclusion on technical grounds of evidence which would have exculpated Lofer.
56	Arson	Paul Firebrass	W. Allyby	Death.	Defect of English Criminal Procedure. Prisoner called upon to address the Jury in his own defence. He was of defective intellect, and had an impediment in his speech.

We had not the heart to read further, and we closed the book, amidst a profound silence. The barrister was the first to break it.

'I admit,' he said, 'that I should have more carefully limited my approbation of our criminal jurisprudence to an approval of its administration during the last thirty years; at the same time, I confess to an extreme surprise at the amount of judicial failures which it has been your lordships' duty to register. In those days I fear punishment was distributed in a manner more comprehensive than discriminating. Still, it must be admitted that though the innocent did not always escape the sword of the law, the guilty never did.'

Again the same peculiar smile flitted over the countenances of the three judges, and Minos crossed the library, making a sign to us to follow him. Ranging along the shelves on the other side, we observed rows of volumes, similar in size and appearance to those we had been examining, with the exception that they were bound in green instead of crimson, and lettered with the words 'SINGLE FAILURES.' Minos removed one of these volumes from its place, and placed it before us.

'Those cases,' he said, 'in which an innocent person has been executed for the supposed commission of a crime, while its actual perpetrator has escaped, are registered, as you have seen, under the head of "Double Failures." But there are also, though you seem to be unaware of it, many cases of crime in England, very many, in which, though no one suffers unjustly, the perpetrator of the crime escapes with impunity. On this side of the library, and under the title of "Single Failures," all such cases are registered.' He opened the book, and exhibited before us a list of cases, tabulated in the following manner:—

No.	Crime.	Person Guilty.	Person Punished.	Punishment.	Cause of Judicial Failure.
17	Murder	John Slaughter			Defect of English Criminal Procedure. The word <i>murderavit</i> employed in the indictment instead of <i>murdravit</i> . ⁽¹⁾
18	Murder	John Slaughter			Defect of English Criminal Procedure. The name of the murdered man laid in the indictment as Scraggs, instead of Scroggs.
19	Cattle Stealing	James Metcalf			Defect of English Criminal Procedure. Heifers taken by the prisoner, erroneously described as "cows." ⁽²⁾

¹ Referred to in Ryle's Case Cro. Eliz. 920. ² Rex v. Cook, 1. Leach 105.

We again closed the book in extreme humiliation, and the barrister no longer ventured to continue the defence of our criminal jurisprudence.

'Come, gentlemen,' said Minos, kindly, 'do not be too much discouraged; your country, after all, stands in many respects higher than most others as an administrator of criminal law.'

'How so?' inquired the barrister, pointing to the row of green volumes lettered 'SINGLE FAILURES—FRANCE.' 'Their series appears to be a much shorter one than ours.'

'True,' replied Minos, 'their green series is considerably smaller. Few guilty men escape from a French judge. But look at their double failures! they are twice as numerous as yours. An innocent man before a French Court has often a poor chance for his life.'

And, in truth, the French red series filled nearly four shelves, and we were not a little consoled at the sight.

'Then, again,' continued the barrister, emboldened, 'surely the removal of some of the barbarous inequalities of our law of evidence has tended to diminish the bulk of our red series, as the abolition of the ridiculous subtleties of pleading must have tended to reduce the dimensions of the green.'

'In the former case, yes,' replied Minos, pointing to our red series for the last thirty years, the volumes of which showed a marked reduction in bulk. In the latter case, the progress has not been so marked: criminals who can no longer crawl out through the flaws of an indictment have now found another loophole of escape.'

'What is that?' we inquired, somewhat anxiously.

Minos walked to the window of the apartment and beckoned us to follow him. We did so, and looked out into an open courtyard, in which were a score or so of spirits, apparently taking exercise under the surveillance of two or three of the officials whom we had seen that morning in the Court.

'Pray, who are these?' asked the barrister.

'These,' said Minos, 'are all spirits whose names are to be found in that book,' pointing to the latest volume of the English green series. 'They are all criminals, who have been unjustly acquitted on the same ground.'

We were about to inquire what the ground was, when one of the spirits, looking up to the window, recognised the physician, to whom he bowed with an air of profound respect and gratitude.

'Bless my soul—I mean, bless me!' exclaimed the physician, 'where have I seen that face before? Ah! I remember now. I appeared as a witness for him, two years ago, at the Old Bailey. A clear case of dementia, culminating in homicidal mania.'

Minos smiled sardonically.

'He is one of the best conducted and most intelligent prisoners on the books,' he remarked. 'But though they are not all as intelligent, they are all equally sane, and all have been acquitted on the ground of insanity.'

[To be continued.]

OXFORD REVIEWED.

PART II.

THE degrees conferred by the University upon students are those of Bachelor and Master in Arts, and of Bachelor and Doctor in Music, Civil Law, Medicine, and Divinity. The principal conditions required for obtaining these degrees are residence, and the satisfactory performance of certain exercises. The residence necessary is in no case less than twelve terms, except in the case of the degrees of Music, for which no residence at all is required. The candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts has to pass three examinations—1st, Responsions; 2ndly, the First Public Examination, commonly called Moderations; and thirdly, the Second Public Examination, commonly called Greats. For Responsions, every candidate must be examined in Latin and Greek grammar, Latin prose composition—one Latin and one Greek author, Arithmetic, and either Euclid or Algebra. As we are of opinion that this examination constitutes one of the principal faults of the system, it will be for the best to inquire at once for what purpose the University places at the outset of its course an examination of so exceedingly elementary a character, and while making such inquiry, it will be but just to consider also certain other facts that are closely allied to the subject. The men who enter at the various Colleges at Oxford are mainly from the upper middle class of society, and vary in age from seventeen to about twenty. A great majority of them come direct from the various large public schools, the others from smaller schools, or from a state of pupilage under tutors. In order to obtain entrance at any one College for which they may have entered their names, it is absolutely necessary that they should pass what is called a Matriculation Examination. The severity of this examination varies very much with the different Colleges, and is mainly held with a view to ascertaining the candidate's power and chance of passing Responsions.

The consequences of this portion of the system are disastrous in the extreme. The necessary easy nature of the test enables men with very little knowledge, and even after very little cramming, to launch themselves into University life. These being primarily unfitted for study—

may, even for decent diligence—are satisfactorily retained below even a standard of mediocrity by the other portions of the University system. It is but fair to conclude of a man, who at the age of seventeen or over, can but barely qualify himself in a smattering of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, one of two things: either he has had deficient opportunities, or he has neglected those that have been given him. Of the former class there are extremely few; the others forming the overwhelming majority. Now we contend that the University is emphatically neither a training school for the great unread, be they unfortunate, or what is more probable, indolent. It was very well in former times when, with the exception of a few very elementary schools scattered here and there about the country, the University was almost the only means of national education; but now that no village is without its more or less pretentious school, and while the facilities for education are so vastly increased, the case is entirely different. The University, both separately and collectively, appears now to ignore almost all other means of education, and to expect of its would-be alumni that they know next to nothing. At present the University is perfectly correct; the would-be alumni do know next to nothing; and even what they do know is hidden in such a labyrinth of ignorance that it requires all the astuteness and practice of a well-seasoned hand to fish it out and collect it. Thus an entirely wrong class of men are enticed, and enabled to enter upon the University course—men whose previous life has been a very good guarantee of incapacity or indifference. Now all human nature being more or less selfish or inclined to be lazy, except where necessity is the mother of invention, it may pretty accurately be argued that the class of men of whom we are now speaking have been convinced at the outset of life that it was not absolutely necessary to work, by reason of others having worked or intending to work for them. These then form the great army of self-styled martyrs, and look upon all examinations at College as so many efforts on the part of Fate to torment and annoy the faithful. By means of pressure from home, threats for the authorities, and a consistent course of instruction which teaches only that which is absolutely required, many satisfy the microscopic amount required; while not a few, impervious to all feelings of decency, succeed in failing disgracefully.

Let us now for a moment consider the case of those who come from the higher forms of the public schools, and are thus to a certain extent well and properly prepared. Having already performed the drudgery of rudimental education, and reached some of the higher portions of study, they find themselves suddenly thrown back to their former state, and compelled to go through again what they thought had been settled for evermore. The ills of this course are enormous. Many, led away by the novelty and enticing character of life at Oxford,

and remembering that they had already once qualified themselves for the approaching test, determine to devote just one term to seeing the place and 'getting through Smalls,' and then to work properly.

Thus they are thrown out of the grooves of hard work and study, and rarely, if ever, enter again. Others, possessing indomitable patience and persevering, turn with a heavy sigh to their one Greek and Latin book, and their Colenso's arithmetic, and pass a term of misery. It is impossible, in an article of this kind, to describe with sufficient force the Jesuitical terrorism that this simple examination exercises on the undergraduate mind. As a fact, many men go up for honours in the final schools with less trepidation and anxiety as to the result than they do to this test, of which all that can be said is that it has shown, not always conclusively, that a man can translate thirty lines of Latin and Greek with some reference to the text, that he can turn a piece of easy English prose into Latin, without making suggestions for an improved Latin grammar; and lastly, that he can correctly work out a few easy sums. What a searching test for a University! what a credit to have passed such an ordeal! There can be no doubt whatever that a radical change is required here, and that it should be of the following character. Responsions should be amalgamated with the matriculation examination at present held by the colleges, and one single examination, far more searching and severe than at present, should be required, in which the University as a body would take a direct interest and part. Such a course would require additional exertion and preparation from the indifferent, would be a credit to the industrious, and would obviate the necessity of University Tutors dry-nursing an unwilling crew through a period of intellectual babyhood. It may be well here to observe that the subject of this article are the pass-examinations of the University, and not those for honours. The latter are indeed capable of much improvement and of wider range of subject, but are withal fairly able to bear comparison with the tests required at any of our foreign Universities. Still, be that as it may, they barely come within the scope of this article, which would treat generally of the University, and not give its attention to any small portion of it. A course all the more desirable in this case, as the number of men who go in for honours and get them bears so small a proportion to the number who merely aim at a pass degree, that they may be practically excluded from all considerations bearing on the general tone and influence of the University. In other words, we believe that a percentage of honour candidates often considerably below five per cent. is no criterion at all that Oxford is the home of students and study.

We come now to the first public examination held by the moderators, and hence commonly called moderations, or 'mods,' for which candidates are eligible, according to the new rules, after a residence of one year,

dating from their matriculation. Every candidate must be examined in Latin and Greek grammar, either in logic or in algebra, together with three books of Euclid, in the four Gospels in Greek, and in one Latin and one Greek author at the least, one of which must be a poet, and the other an orator, and neither of which may be the same with either of the two which he brought in for Responsions, unless he now brings in as many as four authors. The examination is conducted partly in writing, partly *vivâ voce*, questions are given in grammar and philology, and in logic or mathematics; passages are set for translation from English prose into Latin, and from the authors brought in by the candidate into English; and each candidate may also be required to construe and answer questions from those authors.

Now, though this reads somewhat grandly when it comes to be analysed and criticised as regards its practice, it will appear that the second examination is but a decent expansion of the first examination. Every question of grammar and nothing more, that is likely to be asked will be found in such works as Arnold's 'First Book of Latin,' and in his first book of 'Greek Exercises,' pre-supposing, of course, that the candidate knows the genders of the nouns, the cases the prepositions take, how to decline the verbs, &c. The amount of logic required is extremely small, and may be acquired by attending lectures for a couple of terms, or mathematics may be substituted. Mathematics! that is algebra up to quadratic equations, together with the first three books of Euclid. One Greek and one Latin author are required, which, being interpreted, means a couple of plays of Sophocles and six books of Virgil, or an equivalent amount, the examination in which consists of two pieces, of from fifteen to twenty lines, from each book for translation, to which are appended some half-dozen isolated passages, of from one to three lines each, designed to discover whether the candidate has read the whole of the work set, or whether he has contented himself with getting up the hard 'bits' alone, trusting to Providence and the custom of such examinations to carry him safely through. The knowledge required of the Greek Testament is nothing stupendous, and consists of a power of translating several verses, especially those where the English version is at fault, and of an ability to answer some very general questions as to the history of our Lord and his disciples, with, perhaps, a reference or two to the quotations from the Old Testament found in the Gospels, and a slight acquaintance with the geography, manners, and customs of the Jews, Greeks, and Romans. This Ossa and Pelion of hard work, therefore resolves itself, much in the style of the fable, into a '*ridiculus mus*.' After a further period of residence the candidate for the degree of B.A. is permitted to enter for the final or Second Public Examination commonly called 'Greats.' This examination is divided into five schools—

namely, the Classical, Mathematical, Natural Science, Law and Modern History, and Theological Schools. In every school the examination is conducted partly in writing, partly *vivâ voce*. As a general rule, every one is required to pass the examination both in the Classical School and also in some one of the other four schools. If, however, a candidate obtains a place in any class, in any one of the five schools, nothing further is required of him, provided he passed in three books at least, instead of two at the examination for the degree, and has also passed in Divinity (or if not a member of the Church, in the substitute for Divinity). The ordinary examination in Divinity is not, however, required from those who obtain a class in the School of Theology. In the Classical School every candidate must be examined in Divinity (except those who are candidates for honours in the School of Theology, and in one Latin and one Greek author at the least. The term 'Divinity' comprises the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek, the history contained in the books of the Old and New Testaments, and the subjects of the books, the Thirty-nine Articles and the Evidences of Religion. Of the two authors, one must be a philosopher, the other an historian, and neither may be the same with either of the two which the candidate brought in for responsion, unless he brings in now as many as four authors. The examination consists of passages set for translation into English and for construing, and of questions to be answered both on paper and orally. In the Mathematical School every candidate must be examined either in the first six books of Euclid or in the first part of algebra. In the School of Natural Science, every candidate must be examined in the principles of two out of these three branches of Natural Science, viz., Mechanical Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology, and, further, in some one of the particular sciences dependent on Mechanical Philosophy.

In the school of Law and Modern History every candidate must offer himself for examination, either in English History from the Conquest to the accession of Henry VIII., together with that part of English Law which relates to things real; or in English History from the accession of Henry VIII. to the death of William III., together with that part of English Law which relates to persons and things personal; being at liberty however to substitute Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' or some other approved work on Political Economy, together with the History of British India, for either portion of English Law. In the School of Theology the subjects of examination are Holy Scripture, Dogmatic and Symbolic Theology, Ecclesiastical History and Patriotic Theology, Evidences, Liturgies, and the criticism and archæology of both Testaments. On these several subjects certain books are appointed a year beforehand by the Board.

In order fully to confirm what has been said about the previous

examination, and in order more fully to apply it to the one now under consideration, it will but be necessary to dwell upon two or three points. The knowledge of divinity required is very small, and with the exception that the amount is slightly increased, no more critical powers are necessary for this than for the second examination for the degree. The amount of classics necessary may be judged from the fact that all that is asked is an acquaintance with four books of Plato's Republic, together with four books of the Annals of Tacitus, or an equivalent amount of other authors. The mathematics speak for themselves, consisting but of the first part of Algebra or the first six books of Euclid. The other schools are equally elementary and insufficient for their purpose, and need no very critical eye to detect that all that is required is a tolerably accurate acquaintance with some very ordinary hand-books.

Thus we see that the University itself must stand convicted on one of two charges. It either directly encourages idleness, for it is absurd to suppose it takes a man of even decent powers three years to learn the amount we have described, or what is more probable it has fixed its standard at an absurdly low rate, thus enabling men who come to Oxford with no intention of working whatever, to pass a life of ease and indifference. As at present constituted, the University would seem to be a social mill for the purpose of the better licking into shape of middle-class cubs, while in the crevices of the mill dwell a few industrious ants, who work along in silence and unnoticed, and are utterly thrown into the shade by the crash and rattle of the big wheel which, turning in its course, ever and anon casts off a few scintillating drops, that fall with a splatter and are seen no more. We believe that a well-directed effort is being now made in the University to increase the severity of the examinations, and so ride rough-shod over the compact ranks of the pass-men. Such an effort must result in the most complete success, and should carry with it the heartfelt sympathy of every right-thinking man. We are assured that this course is absolutely necessary for the salvation of the University, which must either progress with the rest of our social institutions, or expect its present constitution to be swept away as effete and useless. Were the men now connected with the governing and educational bodies of the University to be frankly asked what they thought of the intellectual powers of the men who come under their notice, they would frankly reply that these powers were entirely and distinctly above the work and effort required of them. Among so large a number of men there must necessarily be a percentage of obtuseness; but the fact remains that the University looks on men who come to her as little better than dunces, and treats them when they are with her with such delicate care, lest, forsooth! they should overwork themselves; that the majority of her members are sent out into the world enabled

to strut about like so many jackdaws on the strength of one borrowed plume.

There can be very little doubt but that all the pass men, with very few exceptions, were they to devote even a portion of every day to study, might take honours in one school at least. We are convinced of this from two reasons. First, it is an acknowledged fact that quite 50 per cent. of the pass men begin to read for honours at some portion of their University career; but are deterred from carrying out their intention by the lack of encouragement given by the University to any exertion, and by the many temptations that beset a course of hard work at Oxford, where amusement and recreation are things unknown, because everything is made a business and carried to excess. The number of men who combine hearty study with proper athletic exercise is quite infinitesimal. An Oxford undergraduate either works himself to death, or he does absolutely nothing. If he be fond of athletics he generally chooses one branch for which his physique and national inclination most adapt him, and straightway attempts to rival the professional athlete. Everything has to give way to the river, the cricket field, the racquet court, &c., and it is an easy matter to find men unable to construe a single Latin sentence at first sight, and yet devoting their whole energies to one course of physical training. We are well aware that it is a pet idea of many to point out some of the most distinguished men of the day, as distinguished as well in athletics at one of the Universities. Our contention, however, is that at Oxford study and athleticism are made to clash and not to work together, and the consequence is that study goes to the wall.

Now with the existing form of examination study can safely be sent to the wall as a few weeks' cramming just before any examination is perfectly sufficient to enable a man of very moderate ability to obtain the proportion of marks (by no means a high one) required for the pass degree.

A comparison between the average of the pass men at the University of London, with that of those at Oxford, has resulted very favourably to the latter. This is to be explained on the theory already put forward, that at some time or other quite half the men read for honour. As a crucial test, however, of the Oxford system, let us ask: 1st. How many men of whom great things are expected by competent judges before they come to Oxford, justify these expectations? And 2nd. How many men of whom nothing is expected before they came up to college; or, rather, how many men who have had a deficient education, do great things at the University, owing to the excellence of its systems of education and examination? The answers to these questions are immediate and striking. While the number of men who are brought to the front by the training of the University, *pur et simple*, is very small, the number of men who, as

it is commonly called, come to grief, is something appalling. To establish this fact it will but be necessary to consider first that the pick of all the public schools go to Oxford or Cambridge; 2nd, that the many inducements in the way of scholarships and prizes offered both by the schools and the University on matriculation, cause an amount of competition that is very great, and it is thus reasonably to be concluded that there must be a very considerable nucleus at Oxford of able hard-working students. If this be so, how is it then that the number of men who obtain honours is so small? How is it that men when fresh from school, who have obtained scholarships given on the strength of examinations held by resident members of the University; how is it that these, we ask, after the expiration of some three or four years, often entirely fail to justify the conclusions that had been formed of their power at the outset of their University career? There can only be one conclusion, which is that life at Oxford is emphatically not conducive to study and to the bringing out of intellectual power. Such a result is most lamentable, and though there are many concomitant causes that bring about this end, yet we are of opinion that the mainspring of the whole is the pass system of examination not only adopted, but encouraged by the University. It is a system that after patient trial has utterly failed; it is a system that has caused our degrees to be looked down upon by continental Universities; it is a system that has handicapped laziness and indifference, and has caused the whole intellect and strength of the University to be employed in teaching a smattering of Greek, Latin, Divinity, Law, and Mathematics. The pass work at Oxford barely keeps up the knowledge that the men have acquired at school, while it distinctly does not increase it. If one were to compare the cost of the education of a pass man with the knowledge he possesses, it would be found that the acquisition of a single Greek verb represented a sum sufficient to keep a family of twelve persons decently for three years. Are we to stand idly by and see this great, this time-honoured institution engaged in sending out a rivulet of information that meanders slowly through whole plains of ignorance; or are we at last manfully and emphatically to raise our voice against such a course of conduct, and while begging for a new lease of life for this home of many memories, bear in mind the lesson taught by Him who said of the unfruitful tree, 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?'

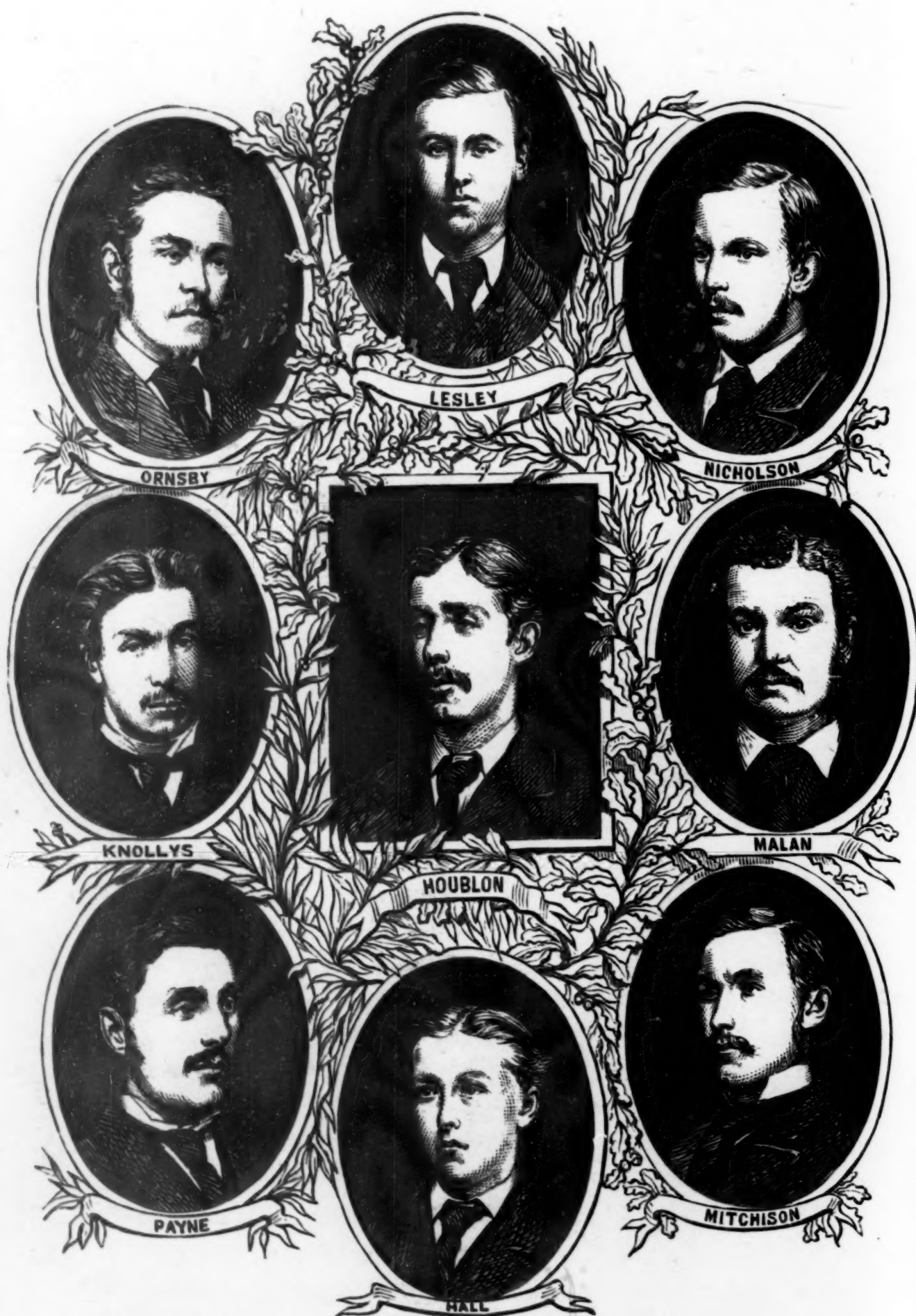
THE BOAT RACE.

Soon after eleven I turned out of the 'Dark Blue' office, and tightly buttoning my coat and carefully turning my trousers up, I clutched the arm of a friend, and we together made the best of our way to the Farringdon Street station of the Underground Railway ; struggling against wind, snow, sleet, hail and rain, which came upon us in such force that had my friend not been a second Mark Tapley and enlivened me on the road by much jocular remark, I believe I should have turned tail at once, and written an account of the race by the aid of my imagination in Fleet Street. Along Farringdon Street we met but one man gorgeously arrayed in an immense light blue scarf, which contrasted sadly with his nose, which was very red. My friend observed that he must have tyefuss fever to be out like that on such a day, a remark that caused me to go nearly ankle deep in an immense pool that had collected from the drippings of the aqueduct that spans the street. Arrived at the station, we, on payment of a half-crown each, obtained first-class return tickets to Hammersmith. Before I get any further, I would wish to remark that I believe I am only expressing the general opinion of the public, in stating that the arrangements made by the Underground Railway Company were simply disgraceful. For weeks previously had they placarded London with announcements as to their willingness and competency to carry any number of passengers to Hammersmith and back ; in consequence a considerable quantity of people attempted to make use of the line, but found that, with the exception of a few special trains, no provision whatever had been made for them, so that many carriages carried as many as twenty-two and twenty-four people in each compartment. To add to the injury, the Company had almost doubled its fares for the day, and recklessly issued first-class tickets although they must have known that there were barely any first-class carriages at all, the trains being almost entirely composed of second and third-class carriages. There can be no doubt but that the Metropolitan is becoming bloated by

possessing a monopoly, and the sooner the public come forward to endorse the opinion of Alderman Besley as to the great want of courtesy on the part of all the officials, the better for all concerned. After waiting for some time and seeing several trains go by quite crammed, we managed to squeeze into the guard's break, with seventeen others. It required a great effort to keep our spirits up now, for the atmosphere was stifling. Mark Tapley was however fully equal to the occasion, and kept us in a continual roar of laughter. After passing several stations, at each of which more and more people seemed to find room in the train, though it had appeared absolutely crowded at starting, we reached a station, where the guard entered the break and removing his cap and scratching his head in evident perplexity said 'I dunnow 'ow they've bin and dun it, but there's anigh 200 more have got in at this ere blessed station, and it took four on us to shut the door o' the next compartment.' At last we arrived at Hammersmith where the train disgorged its living freight, which proceeded to shake itself somewhat after the manner of a terrier, who having been morally forced into the water, rattles his coat and ribs on emerging from an element for which he has an evident distaste. The scene outside the station was simply piteous in the extreme. A soaked mass of pedestrians was slowly wending its way to the bridge, in face of a driving snowstorm, while by its side splattered and splashed a desultory line of vehicles, both two-wheel and four-wheel. The only attempt at decoration made by the inhabitants consisted of a small light blue flag, from which coloured drops of water dripped monotonously on the passers-by. An enterprising publican had advertised an 'Oxford lunch' for a half-crown and had purchased immense stores of solid food. His house was, however, almost deserted, while he stood at the door and vented his grief and impatience by chaffing a crowd that would not 'eat, drink, and be merry.'

On, on to the bridge, close by which stand a row of miserably woe-begone men and women, offering for sale bits of soaked ribbon, whose colour had long since departed, leaving behind a uniformity of wretchedness. Splatter, splash, and a long drawn exclamation from my friend causes me to turn round just in time to see him wiping his right eye clear from an immense spot of mud that a passing cab-horse had jerked upon him. The day is so cheerless and miserable, that even the toll keepers, all dripping as they are, stubbornly refuse to answer the jokes of the crowd, and exclaim with monotonous satisfaction, 'One half-penny, if you please, sir, one half-penny.' Splatter, splash, and we are on the bridge, which is as yet but poorly filled with spectators. We try to dodge by the vehicles and gain the side. What a sight! above, below, dense masses of snow falling everywhere, in utter defiance of the fact that it is Boat Race Day. A few barges moored out in the stream,

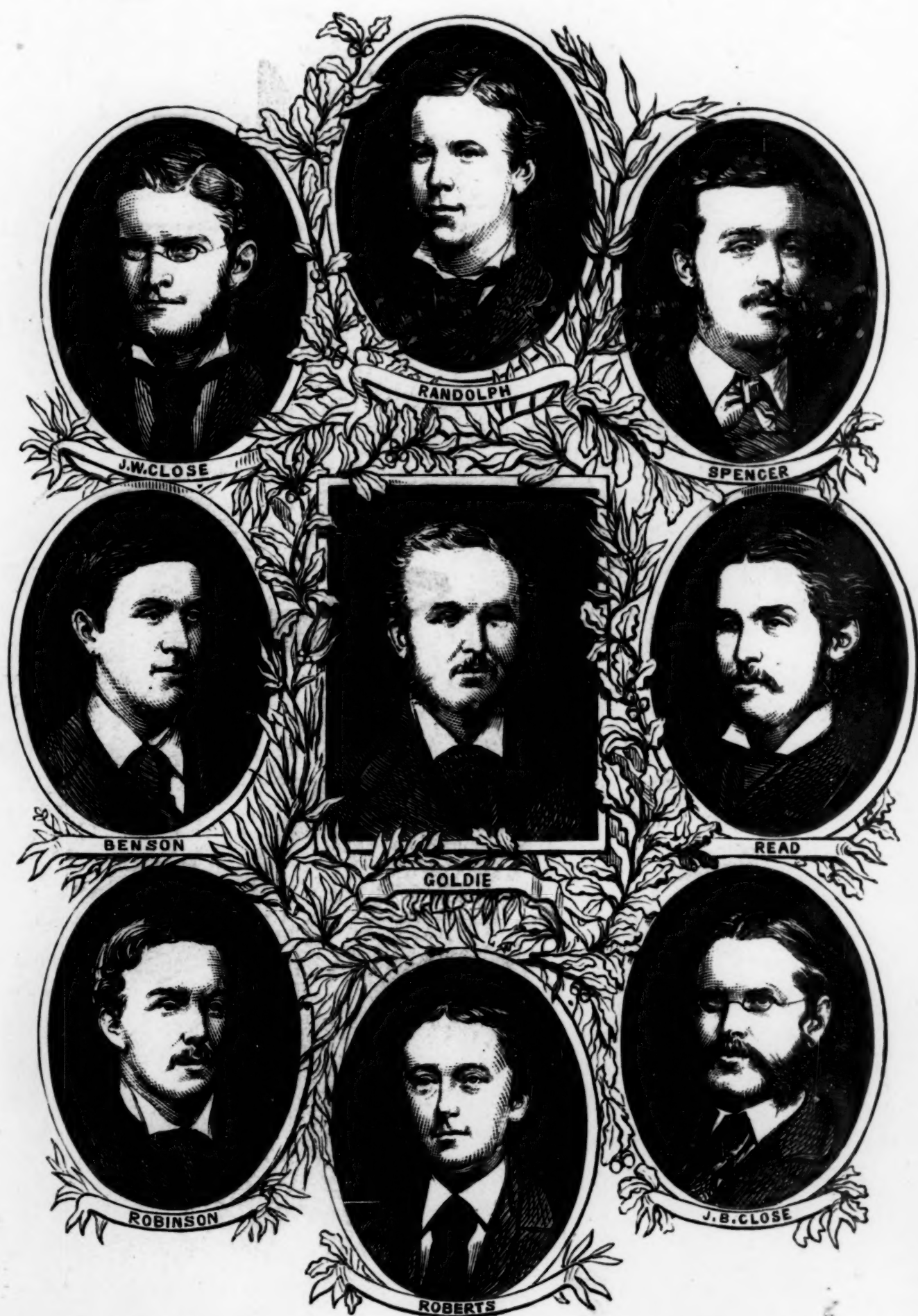




DRAWN BY F. WINTER.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

OXFORD CREW.—MARCH 23, 1872.



DRAWN BY F. WINTER.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

CAMBRIDGE CREW.—MARCH 23, 1872.



and decorated with flags that hang wearily down in utter despondency. A steamer puffing up the river, from which the lively strains of music strike upon the ear, as if in mockery of the whole situation. A solitary sculler, who passes just by us, and blows his nose with the air of a martyr. A band of nigger minstrels trudging along with their instruments close to their bodies, and looking the very picture of crushed hope. All these we saw from the bridge. All along the banks, right away to Putney, there stood a mass of soaked, shivering humanity, vainly endeavouring to keep off the rain, an attempt frustrated by the drippings of their neighbour's umbrellas. As we move along, my friend, who wears an eye-glass, is spied by certain of the Jewish fraternity, who exclaim, 'Hi, look at the swells, here's a go; nice day, eh, gentlemen,' to which Mark Tapley, equal to the occasion, replies, 'Yes, I rather think it is a nice day, and it will surely do for Moses' four-and-ninepenny hats.' A laugh from the crowd, and Mark Tapley has the best of it. Looming through the soaking atmosphere stands Putney Bridge, crowned with a tier of umbrellas. A row of steamers are moored to a cable—here and there a flag from some of the boating houses—a crowd and perfect block of vehicles by Fulham Church—a general air of despondency—and you have an idea of the starting point. The start had been fixed over night for a quarter-past one, subject to the tide serving, but it was not till about half-past one that a loud cheer announced that the crews had left the Boat House. Oxford are the first to get afloat, and paddle leisurely down to the starting point, and having lost the toss for choice of positions, they turn their boat, and take up the outside, or Surrey station. The Middlesex station was quite worth a couple of lengths, as the wind blew strongly from the E.N.E., sending the snow and sleet with full force into the faces of the Oxford crew. The Cambridge men are by this time afloat. The two crews now take up their stations at the stern of a couple of watermen's skiffs, moored some eighty or ninety yards below the steamboat pier. The following are the names and latest weights of the two crews:—

CAMBRIDGE.				st.	lbs.
1. James B. Close (First Trinity)	11	3½	
2. C. W. Benson (Third Trinity)	11	4¾	
3. G. M. Robinson (Christ's)	11	13½	
4. E. E. A. Spencer (Second Trinity)	12	8½	
5. C. S. Read (First Trinity)	12	8½	
6. John B. Close (First Trinity)	11	10½	
7. E. S. F. Randolph (Third Trinity)	11	11½	
J. H. D. Goldie (Lady Margaret), stroke	12	4½	
C. H. Roberts (Jesus), cox....	6	6	

OXFORD.				st.	lbs.
1.	J. A. Ornsby (Lincoln)	10	13
2.	C. C. Knollys (Magdalen)	10	13
3.	F. E. H. Payne (St. John's)	12	13½
4.	A. W. Nicholson (Magdalen)	12	1½
5.	E. C. Malan (Worcester)	13	6
6.	R. S. Mitchison (Pembroke)	12	1½
7.	R. Lesley (Pembroke)	11	12
	T. H. A. Houblon (Christchurch) stroke	10	3½
	F. H. Hall (Corpus) cox.	8	0½

The post of umpire was filled by Mr. Lewis Lloyds, of Magdalen College, Cambridge, who acted in the place of Mr. Chitty. Mr. Searle was starter, and Mr. John Phelps judge.

Barely were the two crews in position, when a wherry carrying a stout man in a great-coat in the bows comes up between them, and after a pause the starter shouts 'Are you ready, gentlemen?' A stentorian 'No' from Mr. Lesley causes a delay of a few seconds, when the cry is raised again, and at the word 'Off,' the two boats, like hounds loosed from the leash, rush forward into the darkness through the blinding snow. Cambridge got rather the best of the start, and certainly got first grip of the water. Getting away at 37, while Oxford were rowing at 35, they at once drew out, and were about six or eight feet ahead at Simmons' boat-house, rowing with such magnificent regularity that they appeared to be taking fewer strokes than Oxford. The Oxford men, even at the outset of the race, were barely together, the time being undoubtedly taken from No. 7, while it was generally remarked that Houblon was in the water perceptibly after his men. The Cambridge men continued to improve their position inch by inch, and by Bishop's Creek had increased their lead to about a quarter of a length. From here up to the Point—although Oxford spurted again and again most magnificently, rowing 40 strokes, and even 41, to the others' 38—the Light Blues steadily improved their position, and at Craven led by at least half their own length, rowing all the while like one man and with the regularity of clock-work. Here the coxswain steered out of his course, to the Surrey shore, and in consequence Oxford, who were well out in the centre of the tideway, made a grand effort, and recovered the half length they had lost, so that by the time the two boats breasted the Grass Wharf it would have been a hard matter to say which were ahead. In the next hundred yards, however, Cambridge had got their boat straight, and rowing hand over hand, had recovered their half length by the time they reached Rosebank, exactly one mile from the start. Here, again, Roberts steered right out of his proper course, and in consequence Oxford at once drew

up, and by the time the two boats had passed the Crab Tree, the nose of the Oxford boat was about even with No. 2 in the Cambridge boat. Even at this point it was remarkable to notice the difference between the two crews. Oxford, though unmistakably game, and answering nobly to every burst of their Stroke, were perceptibly showing premature signs of distress, while the rowing throughout was already to some extent ragged. The Cambridge men, on the other hand, were going as fresh and well as when they started, and were going along in splendid form. Oxford now spurted again, quickening to 39, and though they did their utmost, and though Hall steered magnificently, Cambridge had recovered their lost ground at the Soap Works, and again led by half-a-length; and between this and Hammersmith they continued to draw still further ahead, shooting the bridge fully three-quarters of a length in front of the Dark Blues, in exactly 8 min. 30 sec. from the start.

After passing the bridge, Oxford having the best of the water, not only held their ground, but reduced the lead of Cambridge by the time Biffens' Boat House had been reached, to half a length. From this point to the bottom of Chiswick both crews spurted, and though the Oxford men were rowing about forty strokes to the minute, the position remained unchanged. It was evident, however, that the strength of the Dark Blues was beginning to fail, and that they were gradually falling all to pieces. Though palpably now beaten, they pulled themselves together with magnificent determination, and rowing a frantic stroke of forty-four to the minute, came upon Cambridge hand over hand. Till mid-way up the Eyot, the Light Blues were only leading by a few feet, and appeared likely to be passed. Exhausted, however, the Oxford crew collapsed at this point, and for the first time in the race Cambridge drew clear at Chiswick Church. The contest was now practically over, and though Oxford stuck manfully to its work, their rivals were leading at the bathing place, by three quarters of a length clear. Barnes Railway Bridge was passed in 17 minutes 46 seconds from the start, and though opposite the Brewery Oxford again put on a magnificent spurt, rowing forty-four to the minute, the Cantabs were declared the winners by a little over a length clear. The whole distance was done in 21 minutes 16 seconds, which, considering the tide and the weather, having in mind also that the course was a hundred yards longer than usual, was a most creditable performance. The race was remarkable from the fact that a new system of telegraphing was tried—a cable being paid out at the stern of one of the steamers accompanying the race, by which means a brief account of the race was flashed across the country as it took place.

The excitement of the contest had made both Mark Tapley and myself utterly forgetful of the inclemency of the weather, and though we looked like a couple of woe-begone gipsies on the tramp, we managed to secure

the commiseration of certain friends who had established themselves at Mortlake on the top of a drag. These knowing our sympathies with the Dark Blue, thought fit to chaff us considerably on the want of success of our favourites. For a long time Mark Tapley's ready tongue kept them at bay, and enabled me to make the suggestion that I felt very thirsty. We were most hospitably regaled, and then sent on our way rejoicing. Ankle-deep in mud, we struggled through the block of carriages by the bridge, and secured our return through the offices of a kindly-disposed Hansom cab-driver, as we had determined beforehand to walk home rather than trust ourselves to the mercy of the Metropolitan Railway. With proper foresight we made for Hammersmith Bridge, where we stuck for an hour, endeavouring to beguile the time by watching the agility of the mounted police, and by speculating on the probable causes of the disastrous defeat that Oxford had sustained. Mark Tapley, with all the solemnity of a sybil of old time, gave it as his opinion that Oxford lost because Cambridge was first. I, however, for his edification, graphically sketched the various misfortunes to which the Dark Blues had been subjected. I showed how the fact of the towing path having been under water during the past term, had made proper coaching impossible from the banks; how the illness of Mr. Armistead and the subsequent changes in crew must have unsettled the boat; how the accident to Mr. Lesley, at the commencement of the course of training, had caused the appointment of Mr. Houblon as stroke, which I believed had set at rest for ever those arguments that had been advanced as to that gentleman's competency to last over a long course. Furthermore I dwelt upon the absurdity of trying a new boat three days before the race, and concluded by agreeing with Mark Tapley that the best men won. We both arrived home in the most pitiable condition. Our fingers were numbed with cold, our feet and knees wet, and our noses extremely red. The dirt that was brushed from our clothes would have started a market gardener, and the only satisfaction we had in our wretchedness was the appearance of some friends who were more wet, more cold, and more red in the nose than we were.

THE OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

IF ever there were a day more unsuitable than another for a boat race it was last Saturday. If ever on another important University occasion the weather 'did its worst' it did it on Monday, when the Universities' Athletic Sports, postponed from Friday, were held at Lillie Bridge, West Brompton. The rain and snow of previous days had made the ground sloppy and slippery, and no amount of sawdust could make it otherwise. The sun, with its proverbial March treachery, shone brightly at intervals during the morning, and lured down many, in anticipation of a fine day, who would otherwise have remained away; but once having got them there away it went, and left rain, snow, and hail to 'give it' the unhappy spectators mercilessly. Our English climate has been slashed and slated constantly these last few years, but never were anathemas more richly deserved than those which were liberally bestowed upon it by its victims on Monday, the 25th inst. A great deal of capital is made of the French cynic's remark that the English people take their pleasures sadly. We will grant there is a *soupçon* of truth in the picture, but where will a people be found who bear up against misfortune so bravely. The pitiless rain and snow would have washed out of a Frenchman every spark of enthusiasm, and French ladies would have '*Mon Dieu!*' with horror, and lost their tempers for the rest of the day over their spoilt dresses and bonnets. But at Lillie Bridge the races were run, the men cheered, and the programme gone through with the same hearty good-will, the same intense excitement as if Phœbus were smiling his brightest on the scene. The grounds were not so full as in former years; perhaps lots of people who went to the boat race had not got thoroughly dry in time to come. Some of them must have taken a deal of drying, I know; but towards the time set for the first race, and e'er the sun had finally retired, the scene was but little deficient in its usual gaiety and animation.

At a few minutes after 2 p.m., out came the competitors for the

first event on the card, the High Jump ; Woods of Jesus, to do battle for the dark ; Gurney of Trinity, and Prior of Caius, for the light blue. Graham, of Brasenose, having injured his wrist while practising, did not put in an appearance, and as was generally anticipated, Gurney scored first blood to Cambridge, with a jump of 5 ft. 5 in. Prior having to put up with second honours at an inch less. The state of the ground perhaps militated against the competitors in this event more than any other during the day. At 2.15, with an admirable start, away for the hundred yards spin rushed Parsons and Southam for Oxford, Dawson and Philpot for Cambridge. Coming on at a great rate Dawson, running well the whole way, breasted the tape first in ten seconds one-third, with Philpot close at his heels, and again the Cantabs were first and second. Loud and long were the ringing cheers of the light blue partisans when the numbers went up, while the faces of the Oxonians grew dark as the hue of their defeated colours. The appearance of the Oxford champions for the next 'feat of arms,' however, resuscitated the hopes of their University. Splendid specimens, indeed, of muscular humanity looked Domville of Pembroke, and Evans of Jesus, as they strode out into the ground to 'put the weight;' Littleton and Winthorpe, the Cambridge men, being undoubtedly their inferiors in point of physique. There may be a good deal of wisdom in the saying, 'Never judge by appearances,' but in this instance everybody did judge by appearance, and everybody was right, for Domville hurled the weight 37ft. 5½in. to Littleton's 35ft., and while the cheers were still ringing out for Oxford's first triumph, it was a curious coincidence the sky which had hitherto exhibited a patch of Cambridge blue, became quickly clouded and overcast. Men in ulsters and ladies in waterproofs had the best of it for the remainder of the day, for before the competitors for the great event came on to the ground, down came the snow—the 'beautiful snow,' as poets call it—the 'horrid snow,' as we heard a lady behind us exclaim. She was not poetical, for the snow and the cold were making her nose red ; and what lady could be poetical with a red nose ? Fair faces that had been wreathed with smiles now caught a reflect of the gloom overhead, and there was probably as much anxiety in female hearts as to whether bonnet strings would run and dresses come out washy, as there was in manly breasts as to how Benson would go, and Hawtrey stay for the next event—the Three Mile Race. In the midst of a blinding snow storm the six got away for the 'long journey.' As round after round was completed, pace and want of condition began to tell and the runners dwindled like the ten littleniggers, one by one, and there were only three men left to do the final rounds. Greater and greater grew the excitement, as the last rounds were run over. The names of 'Benson—Hawtrey'—'Hawtrey—Benson' were shouted from the combined lungs of the Univer-

sities. Ladies sprang up in their seats and waved their handkerchiefs. Umbrellas danced about over the heads of the crowd, as though sharing the enthusiasm of their proprietors. In the last two rounds Somerville fell behind, and Benson and Hawtrey were running neck and neck. On they came, now one slightly leading, now the other. From light blue necktied throats, hoarse with a constant shouting, came yell after yell of 'Hawtrey wins.' While Oxford men, frantic with excitement, roared with all the power of their lungs for Benson. So they came on for the last round—turning the corner for the straight run in—rose a great cry, 'Hawtrey's done!' For a moment the light blue champion staggered—then gathering himself for a final effort, he collared Benson again, and on they came side by side up the straight towards the tape. Then with a great roar rushed the undergrads to the winning-post, yelling with might and main the names of both. A final effort from both men—a rush forward, and both touch the tape together. A dead heat. A three mile race in a snow storm, and a dead heat. Bravo both! If ever honest English pluck, indomitable English spirit was displayed to advantage, it was in that race, which run so magnificently under such adverse circumstances, resulted in a dead heat.

The distance was accomplished in 15 minutes, 44 $\frac{3}{4}$ ths seconds. Before the excitement this grand struggle had caused had fairly subsided, and while people were still discussing it, there was a cry 'They are off!' and bounding over hurdle after hurdle, came Garnier, of University, Oxford, followed by Beauchamp, of Corpus, Cambridge. Flying in first-class style over his hurdles, Garnier was never passed, winning easily from Beauchamp, who was the only one near the victor at the last flight. The programme was now hurried through as rapidly as could be, the pitiless weather making everyone anxious to get away as soon as possible. The broad jump resulted in a comparatively easy victory for Cambridge, E. J. Davies, of Pembroke, clearing 21 ft. 5 in. to H. K. Upcher's, of St. John's, Oxford, 20 ft. 6 in. Here again the state of the ground was against the men, and we fancy in different weather Mr. Davies would have done even better, good as his actual performance was. Fortune still continued dead against the Oxford men, and the next event put no better face on the matter; Cambridge men, Philpot, of Trinity, and Brodie, of Sidney, finishing first and second for the quarter of a mile race. Run at a spanking pace the issue was never in doubt, and light blue champions led right up the straight, finishing the distance in 51 $\frac{3}{4}$ ths seconds. Surely it was too bad of the weather to wait till the hammer-throwing business commenced before it attempted to clear up. During the most interesting part of the programme, a forest of umbrellas obstructed the general view. When the umbrellas went down, four athletics were discovered wildly struggling with 16lb. hammers. To the

uninitiated it seemed as if the performance consisted in the competitors first swinging the hammer, and the hammer in revenge eventually swinging the competitor to make him leave go. Anything more absurd than a powerful man waltzing round with a long hammer can scarcely be imagined. However, Paterson, of Trinity, added another chalk to the list of Cambridge's wins, throwing 105ft. 2in. Hardly were the winning numbers exhibited on the telegraph board, than the champions for the One Mile Race were got together, and started directly after on a gallantly contested race. Mr. T. Christie, of Lincoln, scored the last event to the dark blues. Mr. T. Hewitt, of Trinity Hall, being a thorn in his side at the finish. Time 4 minutes 38 seconds. Just before the conclusion of the race, there was a rush from the opposite side of the ground to the winning post, and it was as much as the stewards could do to keep the course clear for the runners. Throughout the day the band of the Grenadier Guards, conducted by Mr. D. Godfrey, discoursed sweet music. Until the last race the ground was kept admirably, the only privileged spectator allowed within the enclosure, beside the stewards and judges, being an old brown donkey, who relieved the more serious portion of the programme with several original comic performances. The great feature of the day was undoubtedly the dead heat for the Three Mile Race, and long will it be remembered by those who witnessed it as a splendid example of English pluck and perseverance.





DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON,

'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.